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NATURAL HISTORY.

Selected from the beſt Authors antient and modern. NUMBER. V. [268.]

I. OF AMBERGREASE, *Lat. Ambra.*

THIS is a ſolid, opake ſubſtance, of an irregular and coarſe ſtructure, of a very agreeable ſmell, extremely light ſo as to ſwim in water, very ſoft and friable, running into a fluid maſs like water with a gentle fire, and burning with a blueiſh white flame, and a very agreeable ſmell. It is found waſhed on the ſea coaſt in many places. The Eaſt and Weſt Indies have afforded it, and the coaſts of Africa are famous for it; it has been found on the ſhores of Italy, and is ſaid to have been met with more than once on thoſe of our own dominions. It is of great uſe to the perfumers, and is ſometimes preſcribed in medicine; among the Eaſtern nations it is in high repute, and is given as a cordial, a ſtrengthner and prolonger of life. It was not known to the antients. Some take Amber-greaſe to be much the ſame with Muſk and Civet. The former is an oil, with which nature has provided the Antelope, probably to give a ſhining colour to its hair, and to preſerve it from the rain. Civet is likewiſe taken from a kind of cat or fox, and which is called Civet-cat. Amber-greaſe, if we may credit ſome authors, comes alſo from a ſea animal of an amphibious nature, which has an abſolute occaſion for ſuch a proviſion wherewith to oil its hair; but this is only a mere conjecture. It is found from one ounce to thirty or forty pound weight; and when found very much reſembles a ſqueezed honey-comb.

II. OF JET. *Lat. Gagates.*

JET is a dry, ſolid, opake ſubſtance, found in large detached maſſes, of a fine and regular ſtructure, having a grain like that of wood, and ſplitting more eaſily horizontally than in any other direction, very light, moderately hard, not fuſible, readily inflammable, and burning a long time with a fine greeniſh flame. It is found in Germany, the Eaſt Indies, and very plentiful in England, eſpecially at Whitby in York ſhire. Dr. Woodward ſays, the Jet about Whitby lies in the ſtrata of Allum-ſtone. They ſearch for it chiefly on the cliffs, as they are bared and beaten to pieces by the ſea. The Jet lyes in Allum-ſtone ſometimes flat, ſometimes edge-ways. There is ſome of it has a hard ſparry matter in it. It is only remarkable for its fine black colour, and for bearing a very fine poliſh.

III. OF ASPHALTA.

THESE are ſolid dry ſubſtances, found in detached maſſes, of no viſible grain nor regular ſtructure, but breaking with caſe, and in any direction, very light, not very hard, fuſible and readily inflammable, burning ſometimes with a greeniſh white flame, and leaving a *reſiduum* of white aſhes. They are much mixed with exteraneous bodies; frequently with

Amber is burnt, in order to procure the oil from it, it is of the very colour of the Aſphalta, and is frequently ſold for it. There is one ſpecies of the Aſphalta which has a very nauſeous ſmell, and is thence called *Aſphalta Fœtida*; it is found about the Red-ſea and the lake Aſphaltites, which covers the antient valley of Sodorn. It is an excellent cement when reduced to oil; and is ſaid to have been uſed for that purpoſe in building the antient walls of Babylon.

IV. Of AMPHELITES, or Canel Coal.

It is a ſolid, dry, opake and inflammable body, found in large continued *ſtrata*, of a fine and equal ſtructure, breaking with equal eaſe in all directions, very hard, not fuſible, but eaſily inflammable, and burning with a bright flame. It is ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable from Jet by the eye, but it is found in *ſtrata*, and Jet in detached maſſes. It is found in many parts of England, and, as it takes a fine poliſh, they turn it into ſnuff boxes, heads of canes, and other toys. Lancaſhire and Cheſhire afford the greateſt plenty of it; it is generally found at ſome depth in the earth.

The next two *genera* are Naphtha and Piſſaphalta, the firſt a fluid, and the ſecond of a pretty thick conſiſtence, and, though not a fluid, yet very ſoft.

I. Of NAPHTHA.

Naphtha, or Bitumen, is a fluid mineral body, of a thin conſiſtence, bright and pellucid, of a ſtrong ſmell, very readily inflammable, and, when pure, burning away without any *reſiduum*. Dr. Hill mentions a ſpecies of a yellow colour, which ſeems to be the Naphtha of the antients, and reſembles the oil of of amber in appearance The yellow Naphtha is found floating on the waters of certain ſprings in Perſia, Tartary, and ſome parts of China, where, if a lighted candle be brought near the ſurface of it, it immediately takes fire, and overſpreads the whole in a very ſhort time with a ſort of whitiſh flame, and emits a nauſeous and diſagreeable ſmell. The ſame author mentions a thinner Naphtha, found in ſeveral places of England, France and Germany, which is the Petroleum of the ſhops; but it is found in greateſt plenty in Italy; the hills in general abound with it there, and it is uſually found near their tops, of a white colour, towards their middle, brown, and blackiſh at the bottom: in Sicily and other places, this ſerves them inſtead of oil for their lamps; it makes alſo a very uſeful ingredient in a compoſition, which is uſed in ſome countries, as we do Tar, for the outſides of ſhips, cordage, and any thing which they would preſerve from rotting in the water. Naphtha has a principal part in thoſe beautiful fireworks which are played off on occaſion of public rejoicings, and probably made an ingredient in the compoſition of that ſort of wild fire made uſe of by the Grecians, ſo much taken notice of in their hiſtory, and invented by them in the year 717, which ſtuck ſo faſt to the cloaths of thoſe ſoldiers on whom it was caſt, that there was no poſſibility of getting free of it. The art of making this wild-fire in perfection, ſeems to have been loſt how ſoon gun-powder was invented. Naphtha is uſed in medicine for paralytic diſorders.

II. Of PISSAPHALTA.

Theſe are fluid mineral bodies, of a duſky and opake colour, a ſtrong ſmell, and readily inflammable, but leaving a *reſiduum* of greyiſh aſhes after burning; we have two ſpecies of this, a thinner, which is called *Oleum Terræ*, found in ſeveral places of the Eaſt Indies, particularly in the iſland of Sumatra. There is another ſpecies called *Piſſaphaltum Indicum*, or Barbadoes tar; it is a heavy, thick, duſky looking mineral fluid, of the colour and conteſture of common treacle, and of a very opake hue, and has a very diſagreeable ſmell; it is found trickling down the ſides of mountains at the back of our plantations in America, and is eſteemed by phyſicians a good remedy for the cough, conſumptions and diſorders in the breaſt and lungs. There is a third genus thicker than Barbadoes tar, found in ſeveral countries, particularly in Italy,

where

where it oozes out of the ground in warm weather, and is ſo tough and viſcous, that people frequently loſe their ſhoes in walking over the place where it is produced in plenty.

Of Compound and Unmetallic Bodies.

Having now mentioned ſuch unorganized bodies as are ſimple and unmetallic, we come now to ſuch as are compound and unmetallic; and theſe are divided as ſimple and unmetallic bodies were, *viz.*

1. Into ſuch as are neither inflammable nor ſoluble in water.
2. Into ſuch as are ſoluble in water, but not inflammable.
3. Into ſuch as are inflammable, but not ſoluble in water.

The firſt of theſe is divided into two claſſes.

1. Into ſuch as are found in continued *ſtrata*.
2. Into ſuch as are found in detached maſſes.

The firſt of theſe is again divided into two claſſes.

1. Such as are moiſt and friable.
2. Such as are dry and hard.

The former are called compound earths, the latter ſtones.

The compound earths are divided into two *genera*, *viz.* Loams and Moulds.

I. Of LOAMS.

Loams are earths of an argillaceous or marly matter mixed with ſand, and this is the general name given to all earths whoſe ingredients are clay, marle and ſand. A very learned man gives a full and ample character of the Loams in theſe three words, *they feed us*, and this they do immediately, by affording nouriſhment to all ſorts of plants and vegetables.

II. Of MOULDS.

Moulds are earths of a looſe and ſoft texture, and uſually found mixed with the putrified remains of animals and vegetable ſubſtances. They are diſtinguiſhed from the Loams, in that the Loams are of a heavy and denſe nature; the Moulds having an admixture of animal and vegetable ſubſtances, are lighter and looſer. All grounds that are much cultivated muſt be looked on as Mould rather than Loam, as they have ſuch a mixture of putrified animal and vegetable ſubſtances in them; and there is no reaſon to doubt, but the Loams being tilled and expoſed to the ſun and air, will mellow and fall down, and by manure being laid upon them, become a kind of Mould. All Loams may be uſed in making of bricks, and are generally better for this purpoſe than clay, on account of the admixture of other bodies with them. There is a certain degree of lightneſs and heavineſs, dryneſs and moiſtneſs to be obſerved, in order to make ground fit for the nouriſhment of vegetables. There are ſome ſoils ſo tough and viſcous, as to retain the moiſture when once wet, and with a ſmall heat become ſo dry as to ſpoil the crop; and for this kind of ground ſand is proper. Again, there is a looſe ſpungy ſort of ground, which, by reaſon of the roots of vegetables that are not putrified, opens the pores ſo much as to admit the air; this, when ploughed, often will, in ſome meaſure, ſubſide, and requires a manure of ſuch a nature, as to render it more ſolid and firm.

If we conſider the different manures uſed for ground, they all may be reduced to a few, ſuch as the remains of putrified animal and vegetable ſubſtances, Lime, Clay, Marle, &c. from this we may ſee the reaſon of reſting ground; it immediately gathers a heap of herbs, which rot in it, and tend greatly to the fertilizing it. Lime is an excellent manure, which is got by burning a ſparry ſubſtance, as was ſaid before.

[*To be continued*].

Letter from the place of Shakeſpear's Nativity, concerning ſome particulars relating to that great poet and his family.

I Diſpatch this from the town which gave birth to the prince of dramatic poets, our great Shakeſpear. I arrived here three days ago, and put up at the White Lion, one of the beſt houſes for entertain-

entertainment on this, or any other road; and the landlord as hearty, as ſenſible, and as polite a being, as any man who loves and reliſhes ſociety would wiſh to be acquainted with.

As we were drinking a bottle of excellent claret together, I was looking very attentively at the portrait of our great Shakeſpear, finely painted, in the yard, and could not then help breaking out into an eulogium upon his many excellencies, and concluded in his own words,

—We ne'er ſhall look upon his like again.

My chearful landlord finding me ſo great an admirer of Shakeſpear, took me to the houſe where the poet was born, and there I ſaw a mulberry tree of that great man's planting, a piece of which I brought away with me, to make a tobacco-ſtopper for our vicar, who you know reveres every work of Shakeſpear. His monument in that noble old church likewiſe afforded me great ſatisfaction.

From thence my landlord was ſo complaiſant, as to go with me to viſit two young women, lineal deſcendants of our great dramatic poet: they keep a little ale-houſe ſome ſmall diſtance from Stratford. On the road thither, at a place called Bidford, he ſhewed me, in a hedge, a crab-tree, called Shakeſpear's canopy, becauſe under it our poet ſlept one night; for he, as well as Ben Johnſon, loved a glaſs for the pleaſure of ſociety; and he having heard much of the men of that village as deep drinkers and merry fellows, one day went over to Bidford, to take a cup with them. He enquired of a ſhepherd for the Bidford drinkers; who replied, they were abſent; but the Bidford ſippers were at home; and I ſuppoſe, continued the ſheep-keeper, they will be ſufficient for you; and ſo indeed they were. He was forced to take up his lodging under that tree ſome hours:

Huſh'd with the buzzing night flies to his ſlumber, *Hen. IV. Part 2.*

Enjoy'd the honey heavy dew of ſleep. *Jul. Cæſ.*

We then proceeded to the houſe; here we ſaw the two girls; the eldeſt, about eighteen, was amazingly like him, with a moſt lively turn of ſpirit; and might be ſaid, in his own words, to be

A fair lovely woman, young and affable.
Taming of the Shrew.

But what ſhall we ſay of the partiality of fortune? That the deſcendants of ſome people, whoſe anceſtors were a diſgrace to the ſpot of earth they were born on, live in affluence and ſplendor; and that the great-grand-daughters of a man, the ornament of his country, in that very country, ſhall now be forced to tend upon every drover, and plough-boy, with a pot of ale. Muſt we not ſay with Hamlet.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Then are dreamt on, in our philoſophy.

Stratford upon Avon, June 7, 1762.

SCHEMER *continued.* (296.)

On no one party ſhall my cenſure fall,
All ſides are mad and I ſhall cenſure all.

ANON.

The DAUBER. No. 1.

THE Sun, in the ſpace of ſix thouſand years, has beheld but eight wonders: Seven of theſe our anceſtors claim, the eight is reſerved for us. A wonder, whoſe baſis is fixed more ſolidly than the Pyramids of Egypt; whoſe memory will need no *mauſoleum*, as his noble deeds will be entombed in the hearts of all his fellow ſubjects; whoſe virtues no ſingle temple might contain; for whom no palace or hanging gardens would appear ſufficiently ſumptuous; who, like a Coloſſus, ſtrides over the enemies of his country, and like Jupiter Tonans deſtroys them with the thunder of his voice; and is ever watchful like a Pharos, that they riſe not again to deſtroy his Majeſty's ſubjects. Such a Pyramid, ſuch a Mauſoleum, ſuch a Temple, ſuch a Babylonian palace, ſuch a Coloſſus, ſuch a Jupiter, ſuch a Pharos, is the noble Earl B—.

The COMPLIMENTER. No. 1.

IT is no compliment to a certain great man to ſay that he is more deſerving of his country, than thoſe about whom our

our writers are quarrelling and diſputing; a man unbiaſſed by honour, undaunted at cavils, and above a penſion. View him in every circumſtance, in hero and a patriot; whether at a mob, whether at a feaſt, whether at a bonfire, whether at an election. But his virtues are too conſpicuous to need deſcription, and his praiſes too well known to want a repetition.

The GROWLER. No. I.

IT is true that we are maſters of North America, all but Louiſiana; that we have conquered Pondicherry, Martinico, Belleiſle, and are in Germany victorious: But what is become of Minorca?—You will anſwer, It is of no value—How then came we to expend ſo much to ſecure it? Why keep it at ſuch a vaſt expence? Believe me, you will be taught at a peace to value it; that is, if you ſhould be ſo lucky as to have it given you in exchange. For my part, I think our acquiſitions are a trifle to the loſs of this; we have not people ſufficient to awe the Americans that we have conquered. Pondicherry is a private conqueſt, where the money of the nation has been exhauſted to enrich a few monopolizers. The conqueſt of Martinico will inrich the very planters we have conquered, and ruin our own ſugar colonies, who gave ſuch ſums for its reduction. Belleiſle is but a rock in the ſea, and ſerves only to ſtarve our own troops, without harraſſing or annoying the enemy, tho' we have ſpent three millions upon it already. And as to Germany, though one Engliſhman be a match for ten Germans or French, ſtill the French can better ſpare ten than we our one. Minorca, Minorca is the place we ought never to have loſt, and it ſhould be our firſt attempt to regain it.

The MALIGNER. No. I.

LET us take an impartial view of our countrymen this war, and ſee what reaſon they have to rejoice, Braddock run his pate into the ſnare of a fooliſh Indian: Blak—y lay a-bed and heard the French fire at his garriſon. B—e was deaf and blind, and neither heard nor ſaw when it was time to run away. W—te like a madman, got a precarious victory, and was ſhot for his pains. P— F—d, though no countryman, has as much Engliſh money in his pocket as any of us; he is rich, and we are beggared and cut to pieces, to defend him. A great conqueror took a certain little iſland in three months, and Sir E— H— tumbled upon a victory before he knew where he was. Such are ſome of the grand characters that are to adorn our annals, which when certain facts ceaſe to be known, and certain lies are invented in their ſtead by ſuch Hiſtorians as R— T— E— or S—, perhaps our progeny may ſay,—*We cannot diſcover by the actions of our anceſtors in the laſt century, whether they were wiſe or fooliſh.*

An hiſtorical account of the origin and progreſs of the Medical Science, from a work lately publiſhed in France, by the celebrated Mr. Aſtruc, of Paris, [232].

THIS period extends only to the middle of the ſeventeenth century, when the diſcovery of the circulation of the blood, and the introduction of a new ſyſtem of philoſophy produced very conſiderable changes in the ſcience of phyſic: during this period, Pharmacy continued to be ſtudied with great attention, but with leſs ſucceſs than among the Arabs; and botany was purſued with more ardour than ever: to this period we owe Tragus, Cluſius, Columna, Lobelles, the two Bauhins, and many other learned botaniſts, who have regulated the confuſed chaos of that ſcience, and laboured with great ſucceſs, in diſcovering and determining the plants which were uſed for medical purpoſes by the antients.

Chemiſtry was alſo ſtudied at this time with great diligence, and perhaps engaged the attention rather too much: Paracelſus, conſidered as a phyſician, was groſſly ignorant, yet being poſſeſſed of ſome chemical remedies which he knew how to make the moſt of, he acquired great reputation, and grounded a new ſect in phyſic, wholly diveſted of common ſenſe, which, nevertheleſs, ſupported

ted itself a long time, and did great injury to the true science of physic.

Anatomy was now cultivated in a very particular manner, and this period produced several proficients, which have been justly celebrated ever since: Sylvius Vesalius, Columbus, Valverda, Fallopius, Eustatius, Adrien, Spigelius, Andrea Dulaurentius, Jerome, Fabricus de Aquapendente, Gaspard Asselius, and many others, inriched the science with many other important discoveries, though they seem to have confined themselves rather to the description of the bones, the muscles, and the blood vessels, than to have enquired into the structure of the *viscera*, which, however, constitutes that part of anatomy which is of most importance to a physician.

For the same reason that anatomy was more cultivated, the opening of dead bodies was more frequent, and this practice afforded many opportunities of very interesting observations, and discovered the seat of many maladies, which, before, was unknown: judicial astrology lost all its credit, but Talismans still kept their ground.

In this period two new maladies appeared which still subsist, the Pox and the Scurvy: the Pox was a foreign disease, which the Spaniards contracted in the island of Hispaniola, towards the end of the fifteenth century, and carried to the Nepolitan war in 1493: there they communicated it to the Nepolitans and the French, and it has been since extended to almost every other nation upon earth. This disease was very violent in the beginning, and, although it is become much more gentle, it must still be considered as one of the greatest evils that has happened to mankind: the physicians who saw it when it first broke out, and were astonished at his appearance, sought incessantly for new remedies to resist it, and at length succeeded; after many attempts, and many disappointments, they found that Mercury, triturated with hog's-lard, and used in frictions, was an efficacious and certain remedy for this deplorable evil: there is not any disease on which we may more safely depend on the virtue of the remedy applied to cure it, in which the sagacity and prudence of the physicians who invented and applied it, deserve greater commendation, or in which the efficacy of the medicine appears to greater advantage.

As to the scurvy, there is no doubt but it was known to the antients; the Stomacace and Scelotyrbe, which Strabo says were contracted by the Roman army, under Ælius Gallus, in Arabia, and the same disorders, which, according to Pliny, infested the army of Germanicus beyond the Rhine, appear to have been the scurvy: the enlargement of the spleen, the *lienes magni*, and the *convolvulus sanguineus*, *ileos hæmatites*, mentioned by Hippocrates in many parts of his works, and *oscedo*, for which several remedies are proposed by Marcellus, were probably scorbutic affections, or approached very near them: the scurvy, however, was never a comman disease till within about 250 years. It is, in general, the disease of the wretched and the poor, of those who are ill fed, ill lodged, and cloathed only with rags and nastiness, especially when they are reduced to a state of langour and weakness by any other disease, which increases the poorness of the blood. The rich, however, are subject to it in their turn; for extremes meet, and in this case opposite causes produce the same effect: the rich become scorbutic by eating too much, by taking food that is too succulent, by the use of made dishes and high sauces, and by the want of exercise, which concur to produce a vicious acrimony in the blood.

It is greatly to be wished, that as certain a remedy had been discovered for the Scurvy as for the Pox: there are, however, remedies which will cure it if it is not arrived at its last stage, and the patient will persevere long enough in the use of them.

The principal medical writers of this period were Sennert, Etmuller, and Riviere. The works of Sennert may be considered alone as a physician's library, and contain much more true medical knowledge than many modern performances of great reputation.

The fourth period begins with the discovery

covery of the circulation of the blood, or rather with the time when it became publicly known; the discovery thereof is generally attributed to Harvey in 1628; but one Michael Servet, a native of Villa-nova in Arragon, a physician, celebrated for his errors in religion, and yet more for the punishment to which he was condemned at Geneva, taught in a book which was printed in 1553, at Viennes in Dauphiny, that the blood was carried by the *pulmonary artery* from the right ventricle of the heart into the lungs, that the ramefications of that vessel carried it into those of the pulmonary vein, with which they communicated, and that the blood was thence drawn into the left ventricle of the heart, then from the *diastole*, and thence distributed through all the arteries of the body. In 1559, a treatise of anatomy was published by Realdus Columbus, in which the doctrine of the circulation is very fully and particularly explained: several other authors wrote upon the subject before Harvey, and the discovery was carried to its utmost perfection by Andrew Cæsalpinus of Arezzo, in a work published at Venice in 1593, intitled *Quæstionum Peripateticarum, libri* 4. *Quæstionum Medicarum, libri* 4. In this work the author uses the word circulation, and explains it exactly as it is now taught and believed; it is therefore very probable, that Harvey, who was at Padua in the beginning of the seventeenth century, remained there five years, and took his degree of doctor, heard of the discovery, which had then been published many years, and afterwards appropriated it as his own.

The Scurvy and the Pox, which appeared in the third century, continued in this, and mercury in frictions was used for the cure of the latter with the same success; many attempts were also made to administer this remedy in a more commodious manner, but though some of them succeeded, the common way seemed to deserve the preference. This remedy is not certainly efficacious except a certain quantity of it enters the body; and the quantity required, cannot always be robbed in without producing a salivation; many contrivances, therefore, have been proposed to obviate that inconveniency.

The remedies that, in this period, were added to the *materia medica*, were the *bark*, *ipecacuena* and *semiruba*; the bark is a specific in intermitting fevers, but the unskillful use of it has produced so many fatal consequences, that it is to be doubted, says M. Astruc, whether, upon the whole, mankind have been gainers by the discovery; *ipecacuena* attenuates viscid humours, and has been found successful in some species of dysentery, but it requires yet more caution in the use of it than the bark; the *semiruba*, which was discovered by M. Jussieu, a celebrated physician at Paris, is given in serious dysenteries.

In this period great advances have been made in botany by Tournefort, Vaillant, Linnæus and Jussieu. Anatomy also, particularly that of the Viscera, has been greatly improved by Duverney, Hunant, Morgany, Malphigy, de Ruisah, Winslow, and several others. Chymistry has been reduced within its proper bounds by Stahl, Boerhaave, Friend, Homberg, and others, and pharmacy has been disencumbered of the trumpery that so long loaded and disgraced it.

In this period, two experiments were made, which had objects of very great importance. One was an attempt to restore youth and prolong life, by injecting into the veins of an old person, the blood of a young healthy animal; and the other, to prevent the dangerous malignity of the small pox, by innoculation. The first of these experiments, which was called *Transfusion*, perished in its birth; the benefits of innoculation have established the practice in spite of all opposition that ignorance and superstition could make against it.

About the same time that the circulation of the blood became generally known, a new system of philosophy was proposed by Descartes, which totally subverted that of Aristotle, upon which the Galenical system of physic was founded; Descartes principles were in a short time universally received, and those of Aristotle were driven out from the school of physic, with a zeal and precipitation

tation truly ſurpriſing; and the phyſicians declared that there was nothing ſolid or true in all that had been taught or practiſed before that time, as if a few diſcoveries in anatomy, and ſome reaſonings in natural philoſophy, could overturn the whole ſyſtem of phyſic.

This ſtrange revolution was ſucceeded by univerſal anarchy and confuſion; no common guide was followed, no authority acknowledged, but every one did that which ſeemed right in his own eyes, and there were almoſt as many ſyſtems of phyſic as phyſicians. Some who had adopted the principles of Deſcartes, talked and thought only of *ſubtile matter*, which they introduced every where, and made to act as they pleaſed, to advance, retreat, and form vortexes, and by this ſubtile matter, they ſolved all problems, and explained all phænomena. Others who were infatuated with chemiſtry, tranſferred all its operations into the human body, where they ſaw nothing but ſulphurs and ſalts, acids and alcali's, ferments of every kind, fermentations, effervеſcences, and exploſions; others who had zealouſly eſpouſed the corpuſcular philoſophy of Gaſſendi, imagined the blood, and other animal juices, to contain atoms or corpuſcles, round or angular, rigid or flexible, great or ſmall, to which they attributed ſuch motions as were neceſſary to explain certain functions; and others explained the ſame functions, wholly upon the principles of geometry, mechanics, and hydraulics. Happily this diſorder ſubſiſts in our ſchools no longer; the practice of medicine proceeds in a more rational and certain path, and admits only what is deduced from the known ſtructure of the parts, the functions of which are to be explained, what reſults from the invariable laws of the circulation of the blood and the lymph, and what is juſtified by the opening of a dead body, and authentic obſervations.

Dr. Harvey's diſcovery of the circulation of the blood vindicated.

I Thought the glory of diſcovering the circulation of the blood had now been univerſally given to our immortal countryman Dr. Harvey, and that the malice of his opponents was entirely forgotten, and ſunk into deſerved oblivion. But it is with particular regret that I find ſo reſpectable and eminent an author as Dr. Aſtruc, employed in raking together the objections of Vander Linden, Almeloveen, and others, which have been long ſince fully anſwered and exploded,

For the ſake of ſuch of your readers as may not be acquainted with the affair, I ſhall endeavour to give a fair ſtate of theſe objections, and vindicate the memory of that incomparable man from the depreciating ſpirit which ſome envious and malevolent foreigners have ſhewn againſt him.

In the year 1628, Dr. Harvey publiſhed his *Exercitatio Anatomica de motu cordis et ſanguinis in animalibus*. No ſooner did it appear, than all the anatomiſts in Europe ſet themſelves to oppoſe or defend the doctrine which he therein advanced; and this, by the bye, muſt ſurely be a lowed one ſtrong proof of its novelty. Some of his opponents entirely denied the truth of the diſcovery, becauſe many paſſages in the antients, of which, indeed, they might collect great numbers, flatly contradicted it. Others pretended to find abſurdities and contradictions in it, and when they were beat from theſe weak holds, they had recourſe to their laſt fort, and boldly charged him with ſtealing his noble diſcovery from thoſe very antients whoſe authority had juſt been alledged againſt him. Thus Vander Linden will give it to Hippocrates, Plato, Ariſtotle, Eraſiſtratus, Emeſius, or, in ſhort, to any body except the only man in the world who was able to make it.

It would waſte time to give all their reaſons; but it ſurprizes me to find the judicious and learned Spon inclining the ſame way. Hippocrates ſays † Ἡ τροφὴ ἐς τρίχας, καὶ ἐς ὄνυχας, καὶ ἐς τὴν ἔσχατην ἐπιφανείην ἔνδοθεν ἀσινέεται; ἔξωθεν τροφὴ ἐκ τῆς ἐσχάτης ἐπιφανείης ἐδητέα. Upon this M Spon obſerves, *Circulationem ſanguinis, hoc ſæculo ab Harvæo detectam, non latuiſſe magnum*

† *De Alimentis.*

Hippocratem

Hippocratem textus hic evincere videtur. Quomodo enim alimentum, quo nomine ſanguinem intelligit, in extimas uſque corporis partes fertur, et ab externis ad interna redit, ſine circulari ſanguinis motu? At ſi ſequentes aphoriſmo et 20, ſect. 2. addideris, ii ſimul quaſi demonſtrationem efficient: He allows, indeed, that the circulation is not taught ſo diſtinctly as to explain the impulſe of the blood through the arteries, and its return by the veins; but nobody will wonder at this, ſays he, who conſiders that many of the works of Hippocrates have periſhed, eſpecially his book of the veins and arteries *.

Now it may be proved beyond contradiction, from an infinite number of places, that the divine old man was totally ignorant of the circulation. If any one doubt it, let him read the books *De locis in homine, de morbo ſacro, de regimine;* nay even in his very book *de corde*, where, if any where, one would expect to find the circulation, there is not a word to the purpoſe, but many things advanced which are directly oppoſite to that motion of the blood.

But it is time to come to Dr Aſtruc, who contents himſelf, I find, with giving the glory of the diſcovery to Michael Servetus, Realdus Columbus, and Andreas Cæalpinus.

Servetus, in his famous book, entitled *Chriſtianiſmi reſtitutio*, of which there is a copy in the library of the univerſity of Edinburgh, compares the myſtery of the Trinity to the three fluids of the body, namely blood, phlegm, and ſpirit. He ſays the blood being ſent from the right ventricle to the pulmonary artery, paſſes through the lungs, where it receives a conſiderable change, and returns to the left auricle, impregnated with æther; from whence it is diſtributed through all the arteries of the body. Here he plainly leans to the notion of the antients, that the blood, in paſſing thro' the lungs, was elaborated, and turned into I know not what æther, which was forced into the arteries to nouriſh, enliven, and invigorate the body; but he does not mention one word to inform us how this blood is returned.

Columbus, indeed, who was pupil to the celebrated Veſalius †, goes farther; and in his chapter *de pulmonibus*, comes near the truth with reſpect to the circulation through the lungs. He alſo explains not only the ſtructures, but the uſe too of every part belonging to the heart, with great exactneſs, excepting ſome ſmall miſtake about ſome of the valves; but he does not at all ſhew us how the blood flows from the arteries to the veins; nor does he ſeem to comprehend any communication between them: for he aſſigns the carrying of vital ſpirits only to the arteries; and in his chapter *de hepate*, you will find him a rank Galeniſt, relapſing into the old opinion, that the liver forces the blood into all the parts of the body.

Cæſalpinus advances ſtill further, and is very particular concerning the uſes of the valves of the heart, and gives ſome good obſervations concerning the pulſe, and the veins ſwelling between the ligature and the extremity upon being tied up; he alſo has the word *anaſtomoſis*, borrowed, perhaps, from Servetus, who has uſed it; by which he ſuppoſes the native heat may paſs from the arteries to the veins in the time of ſleep only, and that it returns from the veins into the arteries while we are awake, not allowing the blood to flow by a continued ſtream, or with an equal motion, but going and returning frequently backwards and forwards in the ſame channel. Herein following Ariſtotle, who compares the motion of the blood to the tides of Euripus.

* *Aphor. Nov. ſect. 1. Aphor 51.*

† I am ſurpriſed Dr. Aſtruc ſhould omit the name of Veſalius amongſt his diſcoverers. That admirable anatomiſt in the 6th book of his incomparable work, *de corporis humani fabrica*, has many ſtrictures upon Galen's account of the functions of the heart, and ſeems quite diſſatisfied therewith; at the ſame time throwing out ſeveral noble hints towards a diſcovery of the truth. His want of ſubjects for diſſection in Spain, where he was phyſician to the Emperor Charles V, and the misfortunes which befel him, probably prevented him from purſuing the ſubject, and, perhaps, completing the diſcovery.

Thus far they went: and now let me aſk what all this amounts to? Does it explain "the circulation exactly as it is now taught and believed?" Can this lame, obſcure, aud, in ſome reſpects, falſe account of the motion of the blood, be compared to the compleat, clear, and juſt idea which our excellent countryman gives of the circulation. So perfect and full is his account of it, that no author ſince his time has, in my opinion, treated it in ſo ſatisfactory a manner, his book ſtill remaining the beſt we have upon the ſubject.

If Cæſalpinus's explanatiou of the circulation be as perfect as Dr. Aſtruc pretends, how could the bulk of anatomiſts and phyſicians remain quite in the dark about it? Riolanus, who was a man of great learning, and in the higheſt repute for his anatomical ſkill, bitterly oppoſed Dr Harvey upon the publication of his firſt exercitation, and after he was forced by the Doctor's plain and ſimple experiments to yield to the truth, it was with many exceptions and reſtrictions. His own notions of it were entirely falſe, as may be ſeen in *Harvey de circulatione ſanguinis exercitatio prima*, addreſſed to Riolanus himſelf, although he was no ſtranger to Cæſalpinus's book.

I ſhall readily grant that Servetus, Veſalius, Columbus, Cæſalpinus, and perhaps others, had ſome faint glimmerings of the truth, and afforded uſeful hints towards the diſcovery; but it was reſerved to our countryman alone to ſee it himſelf in the cleareſt light, and to diſplay it to poſterity in full meridian ſplendour.

I will conclude in the words of Boerhaave *, who muſt ſurely be allowed to be one of the beſt judges of this matter. After giving an account of the circulation of the blood, he adds, *Hæcque eſt ratio circumeuntis jugiter ſanguinis, cujus inventi, abſolutâ doctrinâ, accurate explanati gloriâ immortale cluet Harvei nomen.*

Sunderland, June 26. 1762.

I. B.

* *Inſtitutiones med. aphor.* 169.

To the Publiſhers *of the* EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING a plain country man, and not having the remoteſt claim of being claſſed in the number of the literati, yet, being a little tinctured with the antient Athenian diſpoſition of loving to ſee and hear what is new, I have with the greateſt attention and care peruſed your periodical papers ever ſince their commencement, and it is with the greateſt pleaſure that I find them inferior to none which I have the opportunity to ſee, and my attachment thereto is the greater, as it is a home production.

But, having no turn or taſte for flattery, it is my humble opinion, that, was your collection better decorated with papers of a religious nature, (how it might pleaſe the generality of your readers, I ſhall not ſay; yet this much you muſt allow me to affirm, that) it would add much to its real intrinſic value, and, if properly choſen and judiciouſly arranged, would tend not a little to check the vices, and reform the manners of this vicious age.

Religion muſt ſurely be one of the moſt intereſting ſubjects: and if thoſe who may be perplexed with doubts and difficulties concerning matters of the greateſt importance, and who have little opportunity of applying to the judicious and learned part of mankind for ſolutions, were ſuch (I ſay) to find a proper aſſylum by applying to you, ſuch a privilege, methinks, would double its value. And as, for ſome time paſt, I have obſerved your readineſs in admitting things of that nature, that emboldens me to give you this trouble, and I preſume that the intereſtedneſs of the ſubject will, in ſome meaſure, attone for my preſumption, and pave the way for its admiſſion among your other papers.

And tho' thoſe of my claſs, when compared with others, who have been favoured with a liberal education, are looked upon by the wiſe and learned, as a few ſteps above the brute creation; yet there is this eſſential difference, that tho' it be our province to toil and labour like them,

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we have, as well as the higheſt of our ſpecies, immortal and never dying ſouls, which muſt be either eternally happy or miſerable: A firm belief and thorough conviction of which hath induced me to conſider ſeriouſly of the ways and means appointed by the great Lord of the univerſe, for attaining the firſt, and avoiding the laſt: And as the ſacred oracles are our only directors in this great and important concern, theſe I have choſen as my Counſellors; and thence I have learned in part the cauſes of ſo much ignorance of, and eſtrangement from, God and his ways, as abounds among the ſons of men, *viz.* our original apoſtacy and rebellion; and ſuch was the love of God towards us, that, notwithſtanding our obſtinacy and diſobedience; yet he was pleaſed to look upon us with an eye of pity and mercy, ſo as graciouſly to deſign us a redemption out of all that woeful diſtreſs: and ſeeing man was inſufficient for ſo great a work, it muſt be his own arm that could bring ſalvation; none but the Almighty could intermeddle therein: Then it was that the divine Saviour of the world undertook to become ſurety for us, and to ſatisfy the offended Majeſty of Heaven; and he has accordingly made attonement for our guilt, and paved the way, and laid the foundation for reſtoring us again to the divine favour, and repairing that divine image at firſt implanted in our nature: And as we are rational beings, the infinitely wiſe God hath appointed ordinances to be attended upon, and duties to be performed, as the means by which we are to be intitled to the privileges purchaſed by our glorious Redeemer, and exhibited to us in the everlaſting goſpel of peace: So we find our Lord, while on earth, appointing perſons, and enduing them with proper qualifications for preaching the ever bleſſed goſpel to the diſtant nations. And theſe alſo he inveſted with a judicative power, to hold courts in his name, to paſs acts and deeds, by virtue of that delegation, to inflict cenſure upon the refractory and diſobedient; to which courts all that profeſs faith in Chriſt are bound to be obedient, as an evidence of their being ſubject to Zion's King: And to add authority to theſe courts, and to induce private Chriſtians to be ſubſervient thereto, the power of binding and looſing ſins is alſo given them; whoſe ſins they remit, they are remitted; and whoſe ſins they retain, they are retained. *Vid.* Math. xvi. 19. Now, in conſequence of this general belief, I conclude, that it is my indiſpenſable duty to attend upon ordinances, diſpenſed according to Chriſt's inſtitution and ſacred authority: but finding myſelf at a very great loſs, and while in ſearch of ſuch, I am fallen into ſuch a labyrinth, out of which, if any of your kind, and beneficent correſpondents would be ſo good as extricate me, it would be a deed more charitable than turning aſide to help a weary traveller, wallowing in the mire with a heavy burden upon his back.

My difficulty then is this: If it be granted that our Lord Jeſus Chriſt did inveſt his apoſtles, *&c.* with ſuch and ſuch authority, I would gladly know the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic between the true and genuine ſucceſſors of the apoſtles, and thoſe who are not, and what are their proper credentials. If it be ſaid, that the preſent eſtabliſhed Church of Scotland hath ſuch a power; then I aſk, in what light muſt I view thoſe who have ſeparated themſelves from her, and have erected diſtinct judicatories. I want to know if there can be any lawful ſeparation from a church, till it be proven that either ſhe never had, or hath loſt that right to the character of the church of Chriſt. This is a point I have never yet ſeen cleared up by any of our divided parties. I would willingly know if it be conſiſtent with the purity and poſitiveneſs of the ordinances of Chriſt's houſe, for five or ſix ſeparate and diſtinct eccleſiaſtic judicatories to be in this ſmall iſland, and every one of them to have a right to the character of the courts of Chriſt, even while their acts and deeds are ſo diametrically oppoſite, as not only to exclaim againſt one another, as apoſtates, perjured, unfaithful dealers in the matters of God, *&c.* but even to draw out the terrible ſword of the greater excommunication, and thereby ſend one another to the devil in wholeſale, judicatory and joiners; for I cannot help thinking,

thinking, till I am better informed, that any perſon or party laid under the greater excommunication for juſt cauſes, by a lawful court, is as ſure of hell as if they were in it already, unleſs repentance prevent it. Would it not be abſurd to ſuppoſe, that the King of England's two ſeparate houſes of parliament ſhould agree to acts denouncing each other rebels, and yet the King in perſon to go to them all ſeparately, and give the royal aſſent to ſuch contradictory acts and deeds? The application is eaſy.

As therefore, gentlemen, I have nothing more at heart, than to join thoſe who may have the juſteſt title to the church of Chriſt, and who worſhip God in ſpirit and in truth, I would be infinitely obliged to any one, who, thro' the channel of your papers, would point out to me, amongſt the many different parties and pretenders, the True Church; for it appears no leſs than a contradiction in terms, to ſuppoſe, that the true church of God ſubſiſts in every different party; and to eſtabliſh one, ſome think the reſt ought to be denounced Shiſmatics and Separatiſts, or Uſurpers, if you pleaſe, gentlemen. I have no deſire to diſgrace your collection with my ungrammatical nonſenſe; but if you will give this a place there, and if it ſhall in any degree anſwer the end, you will infinitely oblige, Sir, Your conſtant Reader,

Auguſt 9. 1762. PERVESTIGATOR.

Deſcription of a dreadful inundation in the weſt of England in 1607.

MENTION hath lately been made in the foreign gazettes of great devaſtation in divers parts of France by ſtorms. In the year 1607, ſome parts of Glouceſterſhire, Somerſetſhire, Monmouthſhire, and other Weſtern parts of England ſuffered ſtill more dreadfully by a like accident. The relation of this event is curious, and not commonly taken notice of by hiſtorians. I have therefore ſent you a ſhort account of it faithfully extracted from a pamphlet written ſoon after the event happened, and preſerved in the Harleian library.

On Tueſday, January 27. (ſays my author), about nine in the morning, *the ſunne being fayrly and bryghtly ſpred*, huge and mighty hills of water were ſeen in the elements, tumbling one over another, in ſuch ſort as if the greateſt mountains in the world had overwhelmed the low vallies, to the inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment and terror of the ſpectators, who, at firſt, miſtaking it for a great miſt, or fog, did not on the ſudden prepare to make their eſcape from it; but on its nearer approach, which came on with ſuch ſwiftneſs as it was verily thought the fowls of the air could not fly ſo faſt; they perceived that it was the violence of the waters of the raging ſeas, which ſeemed to have broken their bounds, and were pouring in to deluge the whole land, and then happy were they that could fly the faſteſt. But ſo violent and ſwift were the huge waves, and they purſuing one another with ſuch rapidity, that in leſs than five hours ſpace, moſt part of the countries on the Severn's banks were laid under water, and many hundreds of men, women, and children, periſhed in the floods. From the hills might be ſeen herds of cattle, and flocks of ſheep, with huſbandmen labouring in the fields, all ſwept away together, and ſwallowed up in one dreadful inundation. Houſes, barns, ricks of corn and hay, were all involved in the common ruin. Many who were rich in the morning were beggars before noon, and ſeveral periſhed in endeavouring to ſave their effects.

Briſtol and Auſt ſuffered terribly, and all the country from Briſtol to Glouceſter on both ſides the Severne was overflowed to the diſtance of ſix miles, and moſt of the bridges over it and the adjacent buildings, were deſtroyed or defaced: At Chepſtow, Goldcliff, Matherne, Callcott-moore, Redrift, Newport, Cardiffe, Cowbridge, Swanley, Langherne, and many other parts of Glamorganſhire, Monmouthſhire, Carmarthenſhire, and Cardiganſhire, the waters raged ſo furiouſly, and came on ſo faſt, that, upon a moderate ſuppoſition, there cannot be

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ſo few perſons drowned as 500, men, women, and children; beſides many thouſand herd of cattle that were feeding in the valleys, together with ſheep, hogs, horſes, and even poultry, all of which were ſuddenly immerged in the waters, and could not eſcape.

But what is ſtill more ſtrange, ſays my author, there are now not only found floating upon the waters ſtill remaining, the dead carcaſes of men and cattle, but alſo all kind of wild beaſts, as foxes, hares, rabits, rats, &c. ſome of them upon one anothers backs, as thereby thinking to have ſaved themſelves.

At a place in Merionethſhire there was a maid a milking, who was ſo ſuddenly ſurrounded with the waters that ſhe could not eſcape, but had juſt time to reach a high bank, on which ſhe ſtood ſecure from the inundation, but without any relief from hunger and cold for two days; ſeveral ways were deviſed to bring her off, but in vain, till at length two young men contrived a raft, which with long poles they puſhed along, and with great labour and hazard fetched her away half dead, with fear, rather than with hunger and cold; for, ſtrange as it is to relate, the hill, or bank on which the maid ſtood was all ſo covered over with wild beaſts and vermin that came thither for ſafety, that ſhe had much ado to keep them from creeping upon her; and though among thoſe there were many of oppoſite natures, as dogs, and foxes, hares and hounds, cats and rats, with others of like ſort, yet the one never once offered to annoy the other, but in a gentle ſort they freely enjoyed the liberty of life without the leaſt expreſſion of enmity, or appearance of natural ferocity.

Glamorgan, Carmarthen, Cardigan, and other counties of South Wales, bore their part in this dreadful viſitation; many to ſave their lives aſcended hills, trees, ſteeples, and houſes, where they might ſee their cattle, and ſometimes their wives and children periſh, without being able to give them the leaſt aſſiſtance.

At Cardiff a great part of the church next the river was carried away by the violence of the flood.

Children at ſchool, and travellers upon the road were equally involved in this general calamity; if they fled to the houſe tops, or to the tops of hills, they were alike in danger of periſhing by hunger and cold; but many were involved before they were aware of their danger. Some, indeed, eſcaped miraculouſly; in Glamorganſhire a blind man that had been long bed-ridden, had his poor cottage ſwept away, and himſelf, bed and all, carried iuto the open fields, where, being ready to ſink in two fathom water, his hand, by providence, chanced upon the rafter of a houſe, and by the force of the wind, then blowing eaſterly, he was driven to land, and ſo eſcaped; in another place, a boy of five yerrs old being upheld a long time upon the water, by means of his long coats that continued hollow about him, was at length carried to land, by taking faſt hold of the wool of a dead ſheep that came floating by him juſt as he was ready to ſink. A mother and three children were ſaved in Carmarthenſhire by means of a trough in which the mother uſed to make her bread; many more there were, ſays my author, that through the handy works of God were preſerved; but there were not ſo many ſo ſtrangely ſaved, but there were as many in number as ſtrangely drowned. What follows is in the author's own words:

"The lowe marſhes and fenny groundes neere Barnſtable, in the countie of Deuon, were overflowne ſo farre out, and in ſuch outragious ſort, that the countrey all along to Bridgewater was greatly diſtreſſed thereby, and much hurt there done; it is a moſt pittiful ſight to behol'de what numbers of fat oxen there were drowned; what flocks of ſheepe, what herdes of kine have there bin loſt. There is little now remaining there to be ſeene but huge waters like to the maine ocean; the tops of Churches and ſteeples like the tops of rocks in the ſea; great reekes of fodder for cattle are floating like ſhips upon the waters, and dead beaſtes ſwimming theron, now paſt

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feeding on the ſame. The tops o' trees a man may behold remaining boue the waters, upon whoſe branches multitudes of al kind of turkies, hens, and other ſuch like poultry were faine to fly up to ſaue their liues, where many of them periſhed for want of reliefe not being able to fly to dry laund by reaſon of their weaknes.

This mercileſſe water, breaking into the boſome of the firme laund, has proued a feareful puniſhment as wel to al other liuing creatures, as alſo to al mankinde; which, if it had not bin for the mercifull promiſe of God, at the laſt diſſolution of the world by water, by the ſigne of the raine bowe, which is ſtill ſhewed vs, we might haue uerily beleeued this time had bin the very hour of Chriſt his coming; from which element of water extended towards us in this fearefull manner good Lord deliver vs al. Amen."

Letter from M. Voltaire to M d'Alembert, complaining of the cruelties exercifed in France, and at Geneva, on account of religion.

Caſtle de Ferney, June 29. 1762

My very dear, and very great philoſopher,

SO you have finiſhed the reading of that impertinent little libel, of that impertinent little rogue of a prieſt, who has been ſo often at my country houſe, and been there made ſo much of. The journal of the Encyclopœdia, the beſt of his works, is what preſerves that crackling, frittering morſel from ſtarving. Thus you ſee, my dear friend, that the Preſbyterians are not a bit better than the Jeſuits; and that theſe do not deſerve to beg their bread more than the Janſeniſts.

You have done to the little dirty city of Geneva an honour it did not deſerve. They performed Caſſandra on my ſtage at Ferney agreeable to your taſte. The grave and auſtere miniſters did not dare to appear there, but they ſent their daughters. I ſaw both men and women melt into tears; and indeed never was a piece ſo well performed: Afterwards a ſupper for 200 ſpectators, and a grand ball. This is the manner I have my revenge, as often as I can, of theſe good people.

At Thouloufe they lately hanged one of their preachers: this rendered them a little more gentle. But one of their brethren is juſt now broke upon the wheel, being falſely accuſed of having hanged his ſon out of ſpite of our holy religion; to which, as ſuppoſed, the good father ſuſpected his ſon had a ſecret inclination.

Thoulouſe, more fooliſh yet, more fanatic than Geneva, deemed the hanged youth a martyr. They never thought of examining if he had hanged himſelf, according to the pious cuſtom of the ſage children of Albion: They buried him, however, pompouſly: The parliament was preſent at the ceremony bare-footed. The new ſaint was invoked: After which, the court for criminal affairs, by a plurality of voices, eight againſt ſix, ſentenced the father to be broke on the wheel. This judgment was ſo much the more catholic, that there was no proof againſt him. He was a good citizen, and a prolific father, having had five children, including him that was hanged. He bemoaned, in his dying hours, his executed ſon; and, under each ſtroke on the wheel, proteſted his own innocence: He cited the parliament to the tribunal of God!

All the heretic Cantons, all Chriſtian hearts cry out aloud againſt this execution! All pronounce us a nation as barbarous as we are frivolous; that knows how to torture and cut capers—but have forgot how to fight; that can go from a maſſacre of St. Bartholomew to a comic opera; and are become the horror and contempt of all Europe. What an age do we live in! It is the dregs of all ages. What miniſters! what generals! what nobility! what nation! We are immerſed in debauchery and infamy: Court and city are all one: Citizens, courtiers, prieſts, women,—all are proſtitutes. It is a gulph of meanneſs and proſtitution! I am ſorry for it; for we were formed to be agreeable ſtage-dancers, fitted to divert; but we are now become

come the poltroon proſtitutes, the ſcum of the world.

I promiſe you, my friend, not to go to Geneva, becauſe only ſmall fools and petty tyrants dwell there; — nor to Thouloufe, becauſe they have none but knaves, fools, and fanatics; — nor to Paris, becauſe, very ſoon, none but whores, rogues, and beggars will live there.

For God's ſake, and for the ſake of that little God Humanity, which ſtill juſt vegetates, but with little regard, on earth, be pleaſed to make as execrable as you can that barbarous and ſhocking fanaticiſm that has condemned a father for hanging his ſon, or that has broke on the wheel an innocent father, by eight raſcally counſellors and tutors to a king of cards.

If I was a miniſter of ſtate like Richlieu, I would ſend theſe eight aſſaſſins of the Fleur de Lis, attended by all the rabble of Thouloufe, with the parliament in their front and rear, to the gallies; and there, bare-footed, with torch in hand, they ſhould annually proſtitute themſelves before the ſhrine of this innocently executed father, to aſk pardon of God, and ſolemnly implore him, ſoon or late, to annihilate this curſed and perverſe race of Roman Catholics.

Tell me, prithee, what corps in France you deſpiſe the moſt. *Nota*, I juſt hear from Marſeilles, that a criminal, condemned there for murder, with tears in his eyes, repentance in his looks, and contrition in his heart, has confeſſed himſelf to be the murderer of the ſon of the Proteſtant of Thouloufe, whom the parliament ſentenced to the wheel for that crime.

A book lately appeared here the moſt ſingular, and another the moſt aſtoniſhing. The firſt is an heroic poem, intitled, *The broom, or broomſtick*. Rabelais, Scarron, or La Fountaine had not more wit, and better ſtile, or finer imagination. Moreover, it is the work of an apoſtate Abbé, namely, Laurence; he publiſhed, about eighteen months ſince, a work entitled, *The Jeſuiſticals*. He is a poet formed by nature.

The other is called *Oriental deſpotiſm*, by M Boulanger. It is a book worthy of a *Monteſquieu*: I know you are acquainted with the editor: The police has let looſe all her furies to diſcover them, but to no purpoſe, and I am glad of it.

Within a month we have had ſixty aſſaſſinations, or frightful murders, conſidered in their circumſtances. War, luxury, and extravagance deſtroy this place.

You know the Jeſuits have no longer their colleges; that we are at the eve of baniſhing them out of the kingdom. We begin, though tremblingly, to ſhew our teeth at old *Grey Beard* of Rome.

Send me as ſoon as you can, your fourth canto of the diſpenſary. If my Chriſtiana appears to you deſerving the notice of your glorious piratical gentry, get it tranſlated as faithfully as poſſible.

Adieu! beſtir yourſelves, ingrates; praiſe God for all things; admire nature; it is the only way I know to live ſometimes contentedly.

The original letter which the Lord Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, wrote to King James II. *when he went over to the Prince of Orange, on his landing at Exeter*, 1688.

SIRE,

SINCE men are ſeldom ſuſpected of ſincerity, when they act contrary to their intereſts; and though my dutiful behaviour to your Majeſty in the worſt of times (for which I acknowledge my poor ſervices much overpaid) may not be ſufficient to incline you to a charitable interpretation of my actions; yet I hope the great advantage I enjoy under your Majeſty, which I can never expect in any other change of government, may reaſonably convince your Majeſty and the world, that I am actuated by a higher principle, when I offer that violence to my inclination and intereſt, as to deſert your Majeſty at a time when your affairs ſeem to challenge the ſtricteſt obedience from all your ſubjects, much more from one who lies under the greateſt perſonal obligations

obligaions to your Majeſty*. This, Sire, could proceed from nothing but the inviolable dictates of my conſcience, and neceſſary concern for my religion (which no good man can oppoſe), and with which, I am inſtructed, nothing ought to come in competition: heaven knows with what partiality my dutiful opinion of your Majeſty hath hitherto repreſented thoſe unhappy deſigns, which, inconſiderate and ſelf intereſted men have framed againſt your Majeſty's true intereſt and the proteſtant religon. But, as I can no longer join with ſuch, to give a pretence by conqueſt to bring them to effect, ſo will I always, with the hazard of my life and fortune (ſo much your Majeſty's due) endeavour to preſerve your royal perſon and lawful rights, with all the tender concern and dutiful reſpect that becomes,

Sire,

Your Majeſty's moſt dutiful, and moſt obliged ſubject and ſervant,

CHURCHILL.

To the Publiſhers *of the* EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

You were pleaſed to inſert in your laſt Magazine the letter I ſome time ago ſent you [270]. I have now ſent you another, wrote by the ſame hand as the firſt, which I hope will not be unacceptable. I am, &c.

SCOTUS.

To *********, *Eſq;*

HOW can you complain, my dear ——, that you are at a loſs what to write me? Is this at all conſiſtent with that want of ceremony which we mutually profeſſed at the commencement of our correſpondence? Write what you pleaſe, and to me it will be agreeable. I'm ſure there are a thouſand little incidents that muſt happen you; there are a thouſand obſervations that muſt occur to you, either in the courſe of your reading, or at your leiſure hours; and, if I may judge of you as I do of myſelf, nothing could be more pleaſant than to communicate them to a friend. How agreeable is it, after a great deal of intenſe ſtudy, to ſet aſide your graver companions, and to enjoy a little familiar converſe (for ſuch, in one ſenſe, is our epiſtolary intercourſe) with one, who has a title to ſomething more than the name of an intimate acquaintance? You are ſituated in a fine part of the country: you have a lively fancy, and a juſt reliſh for the beauties of nature: How therefore can you be at a loſs what to write me? The large volume of nature, fully expanded to your view, affords a plentiful fund for obſervation. For my part, I am perfectly enamoured with the banks of Forth, and our pleaſant little valley. New beauties every day engage my attention; and I'm ſurprized how I never obſerved them before. The man, if ſuch there be, who cannot enjoy the beauty of nature, or ſuch as a country life more remarkably beſtows, is certainly an object of compaſſion; indeed I ſhould be apt to ſay of him what Shakeſpeare ſays of a man without an ear, *Let no ſuch man be truſted.* The unhappy perſon, (unhappy I muſt term him) who is not endued with that internal ſenſe of variety and uniformity blended together ſo agreeably as in the works of creation, can never entertain ſuch high and ſuitable ideas of the ſupreme Creator, as thoſe poſſeſſed of this noble qualification. To ſuch a perſon, the following lines by a modern poet, who, as well by his manner of life as by his excellent performances, diſcovers a true taſte for rural enjoyments, may with propriety be addreſſed.

If thou canſt no charm diſcloſe
In the ſimpleſt bud that blows,
Go, forſake thy plain and fold,
Join the croud, and toil for gold.

Shenſtone's inſcription near a ſheep-cote.

But the ſatisfaction I receive from the pleaſures of the country is not entirely confined to the beauties of nature. The hoſpitable and honeſt ſimplicity, ſo often remarked in country people, eſpecially in thoſe at a diſtance from cities and towns, afford me the greateſt pleaſure. I frequently ſpend, or rather enjoy, ſome of

* This gentleman had been raiſed by K. James, from the rank of a page to the peerage, with a great command in the army; and was beſides the chief favourite of the king, by whom he was tenderly beloved.

of my time with them, in diſcourſing about their little politics and improvements. I am exceeding happy to walk forth in an evening, and hear the milkmaids as they return from their folds, uniting in a wild, but delightful concert of vocal muſic. Inſtantly Cowden-knows, Leaderhaughs and Yarrow, with the celebrated happineſs of the Tweedſide ſwains, ruſh in upon my mind; but my joy, I confeſs, is attended with regret, when I conſider that our Hamiltons, Ramſays, or ſuch as employed their genius in extolling our ſylvan ſcenes, are now no more; and are not ſucceeded by proper repreſentatives.———Such, my dear, are my preſent pleaſures: I have communicated them freely; do you the ſame, and oblige your affectionate friend, &c.

On the frequent perverſion of the meaning of the word NECESSITY.

FINDING myſelf univerſally complained of by the writers of the preſent age, and cenſured as the general cauſe of their dullneſs or ill-nature, ſuffer me through the channel of your performance, to exculpate myſelf of ſo heavy a charge, and to expoſe their malevolence to the public. — My name, gentlemen, is *Neceſſity*, and time out of mind has confirmed me the parent of invention.—I have frequently diſcovered new worlds; improved upon arts and ſciences; inſpired even a Hollander with genius; and given an impudent Scotchman ſome idea of humility and good manners.—I have promoted frugality among the nobility of all nations, and taught induſtry to the citizens. — I have ſwelled many a rebus-making noddle up to the dignity of a ſixpenny pamphleteer, and ſpun a ten line panegyric to the length of a two ſhillings volume, and afterwards procured it the ſanction of the Reviewers. Yet notwithſtanding my particular connection with the gentlemen of the quill, and notwithſtanding they are principally obliged to me for any little reputation they may enjoy, yet I am never mentioned without the viſible appearance of diſeſteem, and never introduced but as an excuſe for invective, or a plea for ſtupidity. Should any perſon aſk the compiler of the complete Hiſtory of England, the reaſon of his monſtrous partiality through the whole work? Why, he would tell you, it was occaſioned by *Neceſſity* — Aſk the author of the *Jealous Wife*, how he could poſſibly foiſt ſuch a heap of indigeſted ſtuff on the public? He would throw the blame on *Neceſſity* too. —— There is not a ſingle ſcribbler of them all whom I ſet a writing, if he is allowed any merit, but takes the praiſe intirely to himſelf, and throws all the contempt or obloquy he meets with at the door of poor *Neceſſity*.

But, though the authors are more ungrateful than any other claſs of people, yet there is not a denomination of mankind by whom I am not in ſome meaſure vilified and abuſed. When the French king breaks any treaty with another power, *Neceſſity* is urged in defence of the motive. — And when the ſuperior valour of the Engliſh forces puts his armies to the rout, *Neceſſity* is again pleaded to mitigate the diſgrace. — The venality of a courtier, or the diſhoneſty of a citizen, are always ſure of being attributed to me; and, in ſhort, every depravity of inclination, every error in behaviour, and every meanneſs of heart, inſtead of being acknowledged by the owners, are good naturedly collected and laid at the door of *Neceſſity*.

The ladies alſo are very liberal in favours of this nature —When a debt of honour has reduced a woman of quality to ſtop the mouth of her creditor, by a reſignation of her virtue, *Neceſſity* comes in for all the ſcandal, and indiſcretion always goes off with impunity.

Thus, gentlemen, am I treated by all the world. — Thus am I condemned by all mankind for the very vices their own inclinations induce them to practiſe, or the very follies which their own weakneſs engages them to commit. — Publiſh my letter therefore, gentlemen, to ſet this matter in a clear light, and you will greatly oblige,

Your humble ſervant,

COURT MAG. NECESSITY.

Two original letters from the late Counteſs of Hertford, afterwards Dutcheſs of Somerſet, on the death of her only ſon George Lord Viſcount Beauchamp, who died of the ſmall pox at Bologna, in Italy, Sept. 11. 1744.

To the Rev. Dr. B——,

SIR.

I Am very ſenſibly obliged by the very very kind compaſſion you expreſs for me under my heavy affliction. The meditations you have favoured me with, afford the ſtrongeſt motives for conſolation that can be offered to a perſon under my unhappy circumſtances. The dear lamented ſon I have loſt, was the pride and joy of my heart; but I hope I may be the more eaſily excuſed for having looked on him in this light, ſince he was not ſo from the outward advantages he poſſeſſed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The proſpects which flattered me in regard to him, were not drawn from his diſtinguiſhed rank, or from the beauty of his perſon, but from the hopes that his example would have been ſerviceable to the cauſe of virtue, and would have ſhewn the younger part of the world, that it was poſſible to be chearful without being fooliſh or vicious, and to be religious without ſeverity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted courſe of duty and affection to his parents, and when the hand of death was upon him, his only regret was to think of the agonies that muſt rend their hearts; for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conſcience did not reproach him with any preſumptuous ſins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he reſigned his innocent ſoul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of the birth-day which compleated him nineteen. You will not be ſurpriſed, ſir, that the death of ſuch a ſon ſhould occaſion the deepeſt ſorrow; yet at the ſame time it leaves us the moſt comfortable aſſurance, that he is far happier than our fondeſt wiſhes could have made him, which muſt enable us to ſupport the remainder of years which it ſhall pleaſe God to allot for us here, without murmuring or diſcontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourſelves o follow him to that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, *I am, Sir, yours, &c.*

1744. F. HERTFORD.

Second letter, written ten years after.

I Am ſorry, good Mrs. —, to find that your illneſs ſeems rather to increaſe than diminiſh; yet the diſpoſition of mind with which you receive this painful diſpenſation, ſeems to convert your ſufferings into a bleſſing: While you reſign to the will of God in ſo patient a manner, this diſeaſe ſeems only the chaſtiſement of a wiſe and merciful being, who chaſteneth not for his own pleaſure, but our profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I muſt long ſince have ſunk under the burden of ſorrow, which God ſaw fit to wean my fooliſh heart from this vain world, and ſhew me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happineſs. He gave me a ſon, who promiſed all that the fondeſt wiſhes of the fondeſt parents could hope; an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and ſociety, with the advantage of ſtrong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which, when he came into Italy, made him more generally known by the name of the *Engliſh Angel* than that of his family. I know this account may look like a mother's fondneſs; perhaps it was too much ſo once: but, alas! it now only ſerves to ſhew the uncertainty and frailty of all human dependence. This juſtly beloved child was ſnatched from us before we could hear of his illneſs: that fatal diſeaſe, the ſmall pox, ſeized him at Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his birth-day, on which he had compleated nineteen years. Two poſts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and innocent chearfulneſs inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor*, to acquaint his unhappy father that he had

* Mr. (now Dr.) Dalton.

loſt

loſt the moſt dutiful and beſt of ſons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the ſtroke like a wiſe man and a Chriſtian; but never forgot, nor ceaſed to ſigh for it. A long ſeries of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground upon him, ſhewed me the ſword, which appeared ſuſpended over my head by an almoſt cobweb thread, long before it dropt†. As to my bodily pains, I bleſs God, they are by no means inſupportable at preſent: I rather ſuffer a languid ſtate of weakneſs, which waſtes my fleſh and conſumes my ſpirits by a gentle decay, than any frightful ſuffering, and am ſpending that remains of nature, which was always exhauſted in continual care and anxiety for the ſufferings of a perſon dearer to me than one's ſelf. My daughter‡; who is very good to me, has ſent her youngeſt ſon juſt turned of four years old, to amuſe me in my ſolitude, becauſe he is a great favourite of mine, and ſhews a great deal of his uncle's diſpoſition, and ſome faint likeneſs of his perſon. It is high time to releaſe you from ſo long a letter, but there are ſome ſubjects, on which my tears nor pen know not how to ſtop, when they begin to flow.

I am, dear Madam,
Your ſincerely affectionate friend,
1754 F. SOMERSET‖.

† Algernon Duke of Somerſet, died Feb. 7. 1749-50,

‡ Lady Eliz. Smithſon, now Counteſs of Northumberland.

‖ Her Grace died a few months after

An entertaining ſtory of a jealous wife.

WE are told, that in Spain it is the cuſtom for huſbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them; and in Turkey it is the faſhion to lock up their miſtreſſes under the guard of a truſty eunuch: but I never knew, that in any country the men were put under the ſame reſtrictions. Alas! madam, my wife is to me a very Duenna; ſhe is as careful of me, as the Keiſler Aga, or chief eunuch, is of the Grand Signior's favourite Sultana: and whether ſhe believes that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, ſhe will never truſt me out of her ſight; but ſticks as cloſe to me, as if ſhe really was, without a figure, bone of my bone, and fleſh of my fleſh. I am never ſuffered to ſtir abroad without her, leſt I ſhould go aſtray; and at home, ſhe follows me up and down the houſe like a child in leading ſtrings: nay, if I do but ſtep down ſtairs on any ordinary occaſion, ſhe is ſo afraid I ſhall give her the ſlip, that ſhe always ſcreams after me, "my dear, you are not going out;" though for better ſecurity, ſhe generally locks up my hat and cane together, with her own gloves and cardinal, that one might not ſtir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myſelf that I am handſomer, or better made than other men: nor has ſhe, in my eyes at leaſt, fewer charms than any other woman. Need I add, that my complexion is not over ſanguine, nor my conſtitution very robuſt? Beſides, we have not been married above a month: And yet ſhe is ſo very doubtful of my conſtancy, that I cannot ſpeak, or even pay the compliment of my hat to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealouſy. Such a one, ſhe is ſure from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than ſhe ſhould be; and ſhe ſaw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of ſome private aſſignation between us. A nun, madam, might as ſoon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance into our houſe: ſhe has therefore affronted all her acquaintance of her own ſex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody, but maiden ladies in the bloom of threeſcore, and beauties of the laſt century.

She will ſcarce allow me to mix even with perſons of my own ſex; and ſhe looks upon bachelors in particular, as no better than pimps and common ſeducers. One evening ſhe, indeed, vouchafed to truſt me out of doors at a tavern with ſome of my male friends; but the

firſt

firſt bottle had ſcarce gone round, before word was brought up, that the boy was come with the lanthorn to light me home. I ſent him back with orders to call in an hour; when preſently after the maid was diſpatched, with notice that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the ſummons; when, to our great ſurpriſe, the ſick lady herſelf bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit, from which ſhe did not recover till the coach had ſet us down at our own houſe. She then called me the baſeſt of huſbands, and ſaid that all taverns were no better than bawdy-houſes, and that men went thither to meet naughty women: at laſt ſhe declared it to be her firm reſolution, that I ſhould never ſet my foot again in any one of them, except herſelf be allowed to make one of the company.

You will ſuppoſe, madam, that while my wife is thus cautious that I ſhould not be led aſtray when abroad, ſhe takes particular care that I ſhould ſtumble on no temptations at home. For this reaſon, as ſoon as I brought her to my houſe, my two maid-ſervants were immediately turned away at a moment's warning, not without many covert hints, and ſome open accuſations of too near an intimacy between us: though I proteſt to you one was a feeble old wrinkled creature, as haggard and frightful as mother Shipton; and the other, a ſtrapping wench, as coarſe and brawny as the female Sampſon. Even my man John, who had lived in the family for thirty years, was packed off, as being too well acquainted with his maſter's ſly-ways. A chair-woman was forced to do our work for ſome time, before madam could ſuit herſelf with maids for her purpoſe. One was too pert an huſſy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At preſent our houſehold is made up of ſuch beautiful monſters, as Caliban himſelf might fall in love with; my lady's own young woman has a moſt inviting hump-back, and is ſo charmingly paralytic, that ſhe ſhakes all over like a Chineſe figure; the houſe-maid ſquints moſt delightfully with one ſolitary eye, which weeps continually for the loſs of its fellow; and the cook, beſides a moſt captivating red face and protuberant waiſt, has a moſt graceful hobble in her gate, occaſioned by one leg being ſhorter than the other.

I need not tell you that I muſt never write a letter, but madam muſt ſee the contents before it is done up; and that I never durſt open one till ſhe has broke the ſeal; or read it, till ſhe has firſt run it over. Every rap from the poſt-man at the door makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burſt with ſpleen at ſeeing a ſubſcription written in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country. She can pick up an intrigue even from the impreſſion on the wax; and a Cupid, or two hearts joined in union, or a wafer pricked with a pin, or ſtamped with a thimble, ſhe interprets as the certain tokens of a billet-doux. The other week I received a letter from Derbyſhire, which awakened all her miſtruſt. She knew from the ſcrawl and ſtrange ſpelling on the outſide, that it muſt come from a woman: ſhe therefore tore it open in a violent rage, in hopes of making a moſt material diſcovery; but to her great diſappointment the contents were perfectly illegible. She was now convinced that it came from ſome naſty creature whom I maintained in the country; and that we correſponded together in cypher. I was obliged to confeſs the truth; that it was, indeed, drawn up in cypher, and that I had the key to it. At length, with much ado, I explained the whole matter to her; telling her, that it was a letter from my farmer, who not being at a writing-ſchool, expreſſed his meaning by characters of his own invention. However, this aſſurance did not at all pacify her, till ſhe had diſpatched a truſty meſſenger to be certified of the truth.

This loving creature happened to be taken ill lately, when ſhe thought that ſhe was going to die. She called me to her bedſide, and with tears in her eyes told me, that ſhe could not be able to die in peace, except that I would promiſe her one thing. I aſſured her, I would

would promiſe any thing to make her eaſy —— "O my dear." ſays ſhe, "I "cannot bear the thought of your being "another's; and therefore I ſhall not "reſt in my grave if you do not ſwear "to me that you will never marry again, "or think of no other woman as long as "you live." My poor dear is however recovered, without putting my faith to ſo hard a trial: though I may venture to ſay, that I have already ſo much of matrimony, I could ſubmit to any conditions to part with her. I am,

Your humble ſervant, &c.

An enquiry into the origin of the deſpotiſm of the oriental governments; from a work lately publiſhed on that ſubject abroad.

THIS work, which is ſuppoſed to have been written by one Boulanger, has been burnt by the hangman in almoſt every country in Europe: The curioſity of the Engliſh reader may however be gratified, without any offence either to religion or government; we ſhall, therefore, exhibit an epitome of this performance, of which no tranſlation has yet appeared.

The monarchs of the eaſt have been always repreſented as the arbitrary Sovereigns of the fate of thoſe whom they govern; and their ſubjects as ſlaves deſtined from their birth to an abject vaſſalage, equally mortifying and deplorable. In theſe countries, there has been, for a ſucceſſion of many ages, no other law than the will of the Sovereign, which has been regarded as a viſible God, in whoſe preſence the reſt of mankind ſhrink into nothing, and before whom they ought to proſtrate themſelves in ſilence.

In theſe unhappy countries, mankind implicitely kiſs their chains; they adore their tyrant without any aſſurance either of property or life; and without any knowledge of human nature, or any exertion of human reaſon, they ſeem to have no virtue but fear, and what is ſtill more aſtoniſhing, they puſh vaſſalage into heroiſm; they are almoſt inſenſible to life and death, and, with a kind of religious imbecillity, they bleſs the ferocious caprice which ſo frequently puts an end to their exiſtence.

The more we reflect upon this picture of Aſiatic tyranny, the more we wiſh to diſcover how mankind, who were born free, and are naturally enamoured and jealous of liberty to exceſs, could totally forget all their rights and privileges, and caſt away that ineſtimable jewel, from which alone their exiſtence derives its value; by what events, or from what motives, beings endowed with reaſon, could either be conſtrained or ſeduced to become the mute inſtruments, or the inſenſible objects of the caprice of an individual of their ſpecies, with whom every other individual is naturally in a ſtate of of equality; and why in ſuch a climate as Aſia, where religion has always preſerved a great influence, mankind ſhould, by a kind of common conſent, have rejected the faireſt, the greateſt, the deareſt gift of nature, and renounced the dignity which had been conferred upon them by their Creator.

Some have imagined that, to account for this ſtrange degradation of human nature, it is neceſſary to look back into thoſe ages when mankind were ſavage and rude, when they wandered about without any ſettled habitation, and when the weak were ſubjected to the ſtrong, firſt by fear, and afterwards by force. But ſuch a revolution was leſs likely to happen in theſe ſavage ages than in any other; the value of liberty was then beſt known, and moſt ſenſibly felt: It was then the only treaſure they had, and what could induce them to throw it away? It is at this day the only treaſure of the Americans; and, it is too manifeſt to be denied, that the attachment of the Americans to it, is the only reaſon why the thunders of the Europeans, by which they have been ſo often terrified, have not yet ſubdued them.

In that vaſt continent, there are no ſlaves but the Mexicans and Peruvians, who had loſt their liberty before Cortez and Pizarro came among them: It is, therefore, equally contrary to reaſon and experience to ſuppoſe, that many would ſubmit to any individual voluntarily and implicitely, while they continued in a rude uncivilized

uncivilized ſtate; and, it is ſtill leſs probable, that ſuch a ſubmiſſion in ſuch a ſtate, ſhould be brought about by force: By what method, or by what arms, can a man be reduced to a ſtate of ſlaviſh ſubjection, who is free to run away, who has no local attachment, but has been uſed to wander from place to place, and and having nothing but his liberty to preſerve, can for that reaſon preſerve it without difficulty. "Thou purſueſt the Scythians in vain," ſaid their ambaſſador to the conqueror of the world. "I defy thee to overtake them, for their poverty will always be too nimble for thy ſtrength."

Some have ſuppoſed, that deſpotiſm had its origin among reaſonable and civilized people; that ſome ambitious ſpirits begun it by force, and continued it by terror; but he who ſhould firſt attempt to bring his fellow-beings into ſubjection, would, among a civilized as well as among a ſavage people, arm the hand of every other individual againſt him; before the firſt conqueſt he could raiſe no army, for an army is the conſequence of one conqueſt at leaſt already made

The domeſtic government of the firſt age has alſo been conſidered by many, as the principal origin of deſpotiſm. A father, ſay they, the natural head of a family, became inſenſibly the deſpotic King of it, and in proportion as that family extended, found himſelf the tyrant of a great people; but even ſuppoſing that the parental power in the firſt age was abſolute, it muſt be granted, that children in their turn came to be fathers, conſequently lords of particular families, and would acquire the ſame right which had been enjoyed by their common anceſtor, of preſiding each in his own dwelling. So that, admitting the parental authority to be the firſt ſource of deſpotiſm, it would be ſo far from forming thoſe vaſt ſocieties governed by one will, which are now diſtinguiſhed by the name of monarchies, that it would have produced only a number of little circles from different centers, independent of each other, and ſeparately governed, upon the model indeed, but not by the law of the original circle. It is true, that their having a common ſource might produce ſome dependence and connection among them, and from ſuch dependence and connection I ſuſpect ſome ariſtocraſies have ſince ariſen; for an ariſtocraſy ſeems to be the natural effect of the parental power, qualified and rendered dependent upon ſociety by the progreſs of families. But I cannot conceive how the parental authority can be the ſource of a boundleſs and arbitrary power; or how this authority, which acknowledges the law of nature, could produce deſpotiſm, by which the law of nature is not acknowledged.

But there have been ſome who ſought the origin of deſpotiſm in the natural diſpoſition which different people are ſuppoſed to have received from the climate in which they were born, which renders them more or leſs ſenſible of the value of life, and more or leſs attentive to their intereſts. We believe, upon the credit of hiſtory, that Europe was always brave and jealous of its liberty; and that Aſia has been long abſorbed in indolence and ſervitude; and, it is not ſtrange, that this difference of character, ſo conſtant and uniform during a ſucceſſion of many ages, ſhould be imputed to the difference of climate, as a cauſe equally conſtant, uniform and laſting. But upon a careful review, it will appear very abſurd to ſuppoſe, that the nature of the ſoil, or the temperament of the air in Aſia, ſhould alone render its inhabitants ſlaves; this would be impuing to one ſingle ſpring, which we pretend to know, all the effects of a machine that muſt neceſſarily have many other moving powers which we neglect to examine: but whatever effects the power of climate may produce upon the different inhabitants of the earth, it is certain that no phyſical influence can extinguiſh in the human heart, the natural ſenſe of his deareſt intereſts; at leaſt, if education and prejudice do not co-operate, by impoſing upon the intellectual debility of infancy, falſe principles with reſpect to our real intereſt and true duty: every thing concurs to make a young Aſiatic conſider himſelf as a ſlave, and to be one; every thing concurs to convince an European that he is a reaſonable being; and the American, that

that he is free. Let us but make an exchange of principles, and we ſhall ſoon ſee, independent of all virtue and influence of climate, liberty in Aſia; reaſon in America; and ſlavery in Europe.

It is manifeſt that the influence of climate does not produce freedom and ſlavery, except it is combined with other cauſes; for Aſia itſelf is of too great an extent to be comprehended in one climate, one zone, or one temperature, and yet the inhabitants are by ſome ſecret cauſe, ſubjugated to the ſame tyranny, as well in the north as the ſouth, the eaſt as the weſt: There muſt therefore be in Aſia, countries in which deſpotiſm is not the effect of climate, but of the habit and prejudices of its ſlaves; America alſo produces the ſame objection: It contains two great deſpotic ſtates, ſurrounded by free and vagrant nations; and it is the ſame in Africa, where we ſee a whimſical mixture of people who are ſubject both to great and petty tyrants, and of hords of barbarians, who are continually wandering about from deſart to deſart. The different ſtate of different nations, depends upon their prejudices; and it is therefore neceſſary to trace theſe prejudices to their origin, to account for ſuch differences.

Deſpotiſm was eſtabliſhed neither by conſent nor force; it was a fatal, but almoſt neceſſary conſequence of that ſpecies of government which men adopted in very remote ages, when they took for their model the government of the univerſe, regulated by the Supreme Being: A magnificent, but unhappy conception, which brought on univerſal idolatry and ſlavery, becauſe a great number of ſuppoſitious principles, which it became neceſſary to admit, were afterwards received as inconteſtible truths; and becauſe men, as ſoon as they had loſt ſight of the true motives of their conduct below, ſought for others which were ſupernatural, and which not being adapted to the preſent ſtate of things, produced firſt deluſion, and then miſery.

It is neceſſary, firſt, to examine how ſociety was led to adopt ſo lofty and ſublime an idea of government; then, what was the form of government which in conſequence of this idea they choſe and eſtabliſhed; and, it will at length appear, how a ſeries of the moſt deplorable miſery has gradually proceeded from a plan which had happineſs for its object, and how mankind have been debaſed and degraded by the conſequences of a principle which it was their honour to adopt.

The inſeparable and unhappy connection between idolatry and deſpotiſm, increaſes the horror which that execrable government ought to excite; and to account for deſpotiſm, it will be neceſſary to inveſtigate the cauſes of idolatry: in the courſe of this examination, it will be found, that there is no falſe opinion, no prejudice, no ridiculous tradition or corrupt cuſtom, which had not originally ſome excellent truth for its baſis, or perhaps ſome principle which does honour to human nature: It will alſo appear, that the principal cauſe of this deviation, is an undue deference to the inſtitutions of our forefathers, without conſidering the gradual corruption of them by time; an implicite veneration of things, without bringing them to the teſt of our own judgment, and a miſtaken notion that we are following the laws and cuſtoms of our anceſtors, when we follow only their phantom or ghoſt.

There is ſcarce any part of the terraqueous ball that we inhabit, which does not bear upon its ſurface ſome monument of calamity, ſome traces of deſolation and ruin; with theſe tradition and hiſtory concur to convince us, that there was a time when the order of nature was interrupted, when the courſe of the ſun and the planets was changed, when the earth was convulſed, when one region was deſolated by volcanos, and another by inundations, when not only rivers but ſeas ſometimes overflowed, and were ſometimes left dry, when in the midſt of the diſtreſs and horror, which events like theſe could not fail to produce, men conſidered themſelves as the objects of hatred and of vengeance; when the bands of all ſociety being broken, they wandered about as chance directed them, over the ruins of a world, without ſuccour, without

out ſubſiſtence, and without conſolation: if they fled to the mountains, the mountains crumbled under their feet; if to the plain, they were ſwept away by a deluge; and if they took ſhelter in the dens and caverns of the rock, they were buried alive under its ruins. Let us conſider what we ſhould feel and think in ſuch a ſituation, and we ſhall know what was felt and thought by thoſe who were in it. If the ſea ſhould now overflow the land, if the earth ſhould now be torn by earthquakes, if we ſhould be ſurrounded by rivers of fire from volcanos, if vaſt portions of the continent ſhould be torn from each other, and great part of them buried in the ſea, we ſhould certainly conclude that the day of retribution was commenced, and that the diſſolution of nature was at hand; we ſhould expect every moment to ſee the ſupreme judge call the univerſe to his bar, and pronounce that awful and final decree which the wicked have always feared, and the juſt have always expected. Such therefore were the ſentiments of our forefathers when they firſt beheld the order of nature interrupted.

A very ſlight knowledge of the human heart will convince us, that, in the times that immediately followed theſe awful phænomena, mankind was very religious; and from this ſource, probably, proceeded the multitude of rigid and auſtere inſtitutions, of which we find ſo many traces in the hiſtory of all nations famous for their antiquity. From this ſource alſo proceeded thoſe admirable regulations which we find eſtabliſhed among the nations of antiquity, with reſpect to agriculture, labour, induſtry, population, education, and whatever elſe is included in civil and domeſtic œconomy.

It was, without doubt, at this time, when mankind were reduced to a ſmall number, and preſſed by the ſame neceſſities, that the firſt domeſtic laws became the laws of ſociety. As war forms generals and ſoldiers, and as internal troubles and confuſion produce great orators, ſo the extreme diſtreſs and miſery of mankind, and urgency of their neceſſities, produced the moſt ſimple and ſagacious inſtitutions, and all the primitive legiſlations, which have no other object than the good of mankind. In theſe critical moments men became wiſe and reaſonable by their misfortunes, and were not the creatures of cuſtom and habit, as they probably were before, and have been ſince; they were then roufed, and compelled to think for themſelves, and to provide for their well-being by judicious and uſeful inſtitutions.

Theſe inſtitutions ſeem to have been beſt preſerved among the Chineſe and Egyptians, who were led by their reverence of them, to ſhut out foreigners from all their ſtates, and were in a ſituation beſt adapted for the purpoſe. And it ſeems that the original legiſlation has been corrupted in other countries chiefly by wars and invaſions, which, in their conſequences, changed the face of the earth, and the fate of nations.

But, however this be, when the convulſions of nature were paſt, and what remained of mankind formed new ſocieties, reciprocally to aſſiſt each other to ſupport their calamities, and ſupply their wants, having before them the greateſt and moſt awful object that can be conceived, the univerſe deſtroyed and reſtored, and having alſo impreſſed deeply on their minds thoſe ſacred tenets which were inſeparably connected with that object, they eſtabliſhed a religion, of which the fundamental principles were unbounded gratitude to the Supreme Being, who had preſerved them in the wreck of nature, and the deſire of tranſmitting the knowledge of it to poſterity.

To perpetuate the memory of the revolutions they had ſeen, they inſtituted commemorative feaſts, celebrated with ſuch particular rites as might warn all nations of the inſtability of their condition, and apprize them of viciſſitudes to come, by ſymbolical repreſentations of thoſe that were paſt. At theſe ſolemnities, the judgments with which God might one day viſit the earth were inculcated, from thoſe with which he had viſited it already.

Theſe commemorations at length produced the *Acherontic books*, and *Sybilline oracles*; but the people among whom theſe writings were found had no knowledge of their true origin, becauſe they had been obſcured and corrupted.

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The deſcent of the Almighty, as the judge of nature, became an univerſal doctrine, and was received with correſpondent ſentiments of veneration and awe; this idea was recalled by all the accidental phænomena of nature, and was the cauſe of all the ſtrange and extravagant cuſtoms which were at length practiſed, without knowing why, at the appearance of a comet, or an eclipſe, or any other phænomenon out of the common courſe of nature. As the original motive of fear on theſe occaſions was forgotten, they imagined a variety of fables in its ſtead; and when the fable did not perfectly coincide with the cuſtom, they changed the cuſtom to make it coincide with the fable; and thus many inſtitutions, which were at firſt, and in themſelves, wiſe and religious, were corrupted into licentious, abſurd, and idle vanities.

But the primitive religion, when it had, by the commemoration of theſe awful events, inſpired a kind of inſtructive terror, never failed to ſooth the mind with the pleaſing proſpect of another life, in which the juſt ſhould for ever enjoy abundant felicity and honour, and be no more expoſed to ſufferings from the revolutions of nature. To render all theſe doctrines more ſtriking, they were repreſented by ſymbols, and figurative ceremonies; and from the abuſe of theſe repreſentations roſe the fables of the *Gardens of Adonis*, and the *Fields of Elyſium*, which different nations have placed in different regions, becauſe each had ſome pleaſant ſpot peculiar to themſelves, where they aſſiſted at the myſtic repreſentations of the cœleſtial life, which is to ſucceed the preſent. The Japoneſe go in pilgrimage to the province of Iſje; the Athenians made annual proceſſions to the territory of *Eleuſis*; the names *Iſje*, *Eleuſis*, and *Elyſium*, are manifeſtly analogous; and the reaſon probably is, that the future life was called *Eliſis*, or *the country of the divine Iſis*; a name which they gave to the principal figure which was the ſymbol of it.

[*To be continued.*]

IN or about the year 1731, Mr. Wogan a gentleman of an antient and good family in Ireland, ſent a preſent of a caſk of Spaniſh Caſſaal wine to Dean Swift, and at the ſame time a crimſon velvet bag, with gold and ſilk ſtrings, in which were incloſed a paraphraſe on the ſeven penitential Pſalms of David, and ſeveral original pieces in verſe and proſe, dedicated to the Rev. Dr, Swift, D S P. D. whom he never ſaw. This Mr. Wogan was a gentleman of great bravery and courage, and had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral battles and ſieges. The Princeſs Sobieſki (grand daughter of the famous John Sobieſki, King of Poland, who raiſed the ſiege of Vienna) to whom the Chevalier de St. George was married by proxy in Poland, in the year 1718, being, in her journey to Rome, made a priſoner in Tyroll, and cloſely confined in the caſtle of Inſpruck for ſome time, by order of the Auſtrian Court, Mr. Wogan undertook to ſet her at liberty, and bring her ſafe to Rome; which he effectually performed, by bringing her through all the guards; for which dangerous and gallant ſervice he was made a Roman Knight, which was an honour that had not been conferred on a foreigner for many centuries before. Soon after he went into the ſervice of Spain, where he got a government, and other military commands, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in many engagements, being well known all over Europe by the name of Chevalier, or Sir Charles Wogan. Dr. Swift wrote him the following anſwer:

SIR,

I RECEIVED your packet at leaſt two months ago, and took all this time not only to conſider it maturely myſelf, but to ſhew it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a ſcholar, a man of genius, and of honour. We gueſſed him to have been born in this country from ſome paſſages, but not from the ſtyle, which we were ſurprized to find ſo correct in an exile, a ſoldier, and a native of Ireland. The hiſtory of yourſelf, although part of it be employed in your praiſe and importance, we did not diſlike, becauſe your intention was to be wholly unknown, which circumſtance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of preſent perſons and things, I have made a ſhift, by talking in general with ſome perſons, to find out your name, your employments, and ſome of your actions, with the addition of ſuch a character, as would give full credit to more than you have ſaid (I mean of yourſelf) in the dedicatory epiſtle.

You will pardon a natural curioſity on this occaſion, eſpecially when I began with ſo little, that I did not ſo much as untie the ſtrings of the bag for five days after I received it, concluding it muſt come from ſome Iriſh friar in Spain, filled with monaſtic ſpeculations, of which I have ſeen ſome in my life, little expecting a hiſtory, a dedication, a poetical tranſlation of the penitential Pſalms, Latin poems, and the like, and all from a ſoldier. In theſe kingdoms you would be a moſt unfaſhionable military man, among troops where the leaſt pretenſion to learning or piety, or common morals, would endanger the owner to be caſhiered. Although I have no great regard for your trade, from the judgment I make of thoſe who profeſs it in theſe kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly eſteem thoſe gentlemen of Ireland, who, with all the diſadvantages of being exiles and ſtrangers, have been able to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their valour and conduct in ſo many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the Engliſh aſhamed of the reproaches they caſt on the ignorance, the dulneſs, and the want of courage in the Iriſh natives; thoſe defects, where-ever they happen, ariſing only from the poverty and ſlavery they ſuffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the baſe corrupt ſpirits of too many of the chief gentry, &c. By ſuch events as theſe, the very Grecians are grown ſtupiſh, ignorant, and ſuperſtitious. I do aſſert, that from ſeveral experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who could ſpeak our language, to have a much better natural taſte for good ſenſe, humour, and raillery, than ever I obſerved among people of the like ſort in England. But the millions of oppreſſions they lie under, the tyranny of their landords, the ridiculous zeal of their prieſts, and the general miſery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the beſt ſpirits under the ſun. I return to your pacquet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation, yet we all agree ſome corrections may be wanting, and at the ſame time we are at a loſs how to venture on ſuch a work: One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it beſt, is a little too lazy; but however, ſomething ſhall be done and ſubmitted to you. I have been only a man of rhimes, and that upon trifles, never having written ſerious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of Milton, I will read yours as a critic, and make objections, where I find any thing that ſhould be changed. Your directions about publiſhing the epiſtle and the poetry, will be a point of ſome difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the leaſt profit to the author's friend in diſtreſs. Dublin booksellers have not the leaſt notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by ſubſcription, but they go on ſo heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In London it is otherwiſe; but even there the authors muſt be in vogue, or, if not known, be diſcovered by the ſtyle, or the work muſt be ſomething that hits the taſte of the public, or what is recommended by the preſiding men of genius.

When Milton firſt publiſhed his famous poem, the firſt edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or underſtood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain ſtate of my health (cauſed by a diſpoſition to giddineſs, which, although leſs violent, is more conſtant), could have prevented my paſſing this ſummer into England to ſee my friends, who hourly have expected me: In that caſe I could have managed this affair myſelf, and would have readily conſented that my name ſhould have ſtood at length before your epiſtle; and by the caprice of the world, that circumſtance might have been of uſe to make the thing known; and conſequently better anſwer the charitable part of your deſign, by inciting people's curioſity. And in ſuch a caſe I would have writ a ſhort acknowledgment of your letter, and publiſhed it in the next page after your epiſtle; but giving you no name, nor confeſſing my conjecture of it. This ſcheme I am full upon, as ſoon

ſoon as my health permits me to return to England *.

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and ſatyr, both in proſe and verſe, if that conjecture be right, although ſuch an opinion hath been an abſolute bar to my riſing in the world; yet that very world muſt ſuppoſe that I followed what I thought to be my talent; and charitable people will ſuppoſe I had a deſign to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance; and as often to laſh the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have ſome partiality for ſuch kind of writing, and favour it in others. I think you acknowlege, that in ſome time of your life you turned to the rallying part; but I find at preſent your genius runs wholly into the grave and ſublime, and therefore I find you leſs indulgent to my way, by your diſlike of the Beggar's Opera, in the perſons, particularly of Polly Peachum and Macheath; whereas, we think it a very ſevere ſatyr upon the moſt pernicious villainies of mankind. And ſo you are in danger of quarreling with the ſentiments of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay the author, Dr. Arbuthnot, myſelf, Dr Young, and all the brethren whom we own. Dr. Young is the graveſt among us, and yet his ſatyrs have many mixtures of ſharp raillery. At the ſame time you judge very truly, that the taſte of England is infamouſly corrupted by ſhoals of wretches who write for their bread; and therefore I had reaſon to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem, called the *Dunciad*; and to hale thoſe ſcoundrels out of their obſcurity, by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, ſometimes their lodgings, and their lineage; not with A—e's and B—'s, according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As to your blank verſe, it hath too often fallen into the ſame vile hands of late. One Thomſon, a Scotſman, hath ſucceeded beſt in that way, in four poems he hath written on the four ſeaſons; yet I am not over fond of them, becauſe they are all deſcription, and nothing is doing: whereas Milton engageth me in actions of the higheſt importance.

Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis:

and your's on the ſeven pſalms, &c. have ſome advantages that way.

You ſee Pope, Gay, and I, uſe all our endeavours to make folks merry and wiſe, and profeſs to have no enemies, except knaves and fools. I confeſs myſelf to be exempted from them in one article, which was engaging with a miniſtry, to prevent, if poſſible, the evils that have over-run the nation; and my fooliſh zeal in endeavouring to ſave this wretched iſland: Wherein, though I ſucceeded abſolutely in one important article †; yet even there I loſt all hope of favour from thoſe in power here, and diſobliged the court of England, and have in twenty years drawn above one thouſand ſcurrilous libels on myſelf, without any other recompence than the love of the Iriſh vulgar, and two or three dozen ſign-poſts of the *Drapier* in this city, beſides thoſe that are ſcattered in country-towns, and even theſe are half worn out. So that, whatever little genius God hath given me, I may juſtly pretend to have been the worſt manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

Aug. 2.] What I have above written hath long lain by me, that I might conſider further: but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a lawſuit of ten years ſtanding, and I doubt very ill cloſed up, although it concerns two thirds of my little fortune. Think whether ſuch periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philoſophical ſpeculations.

I ſhall not therefore tire you any longer, but with great acknowledgment for the diſtinction you pleaſe to ſhew me, deſire to be always thought, with great truth and a moſt particular eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient and obliged ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

* The laſt time the Dean was in England, was in the year 1727.

† Againſt Wood's copper half pence. See Drapier's letters.

Anecdote

Anecdote of Sir Richard Steele, never before publiſhed.

FEW people were greater admirers of prudence and œconomy than Sir Richard Steele was in precept, yet nothing could be more diſagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expenſive, frequently reduced him to difficulties, and expoſed him to ſome circumſtances rather painful to a diſpoſition ſo delicate and refined. — Among the number of people who were highly charmed with his converſation and writings, none profeſſed a greater admiration of both than a Lincoln-ſhire baronet, who uſually ſat at Button's. — This gentleman poſſeſſed a very large fortune, had great intereſt, and more than once ſolicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmoſt ability, and he ſhould think himſelf under no little obligation. — Theſe offers, though made with the moſt ſeeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined with a grateful politeneſs peculiar to himſelf, as at that time he ſtood in no need of the gentleman's aſſiſtance. But ſome inſtance of extravagance having once reduced him to the neceſſity of borrowing a ſum of money to ſatisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requeſting the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days. — The gentleman received him with much civility and reſpect, began to renew his offers of ſervice, and begged Sir Richard would give him ſome occaſion to ſhew his friendſhip and regard. — "Why, Sir," ſays Sir Richard, "I came for that very purpoſe, and if "you can lend me a hundred pounds for "a few days, I ſhall conſider it as a "ſingular favour." Had Sir Richard clapped a piſtol to his breaſt, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater ſurprize than at this unexpected requeſt. — His offers of friendſhip had been only made on a ſuppoſition of their never being accepted, and intended only as ſo many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance; of which the gentleman, while it coſt him nothing, was particularly proud. — Recovering, however, from his ſurprize, he ſtammered out, "Why, really, Sir Richard, I "would ſerve you to the utmoſt of my "power, but at preſent I have not "twenty guineas in the houſe." — Sir Richard, who ſaw through the pitiful evaſion, was heartily vexed at the meanneſs and excuſe. — "And ſo Sir," ſays he, "you have drawn me in to expoſe the "ſituation of my affairs, with a promiſe "of aſſiſtance, and now refuſe me any "mark of your friendſhip or eſteem. — "A diſappointment I can bear, but muſt "by no means put up with an inſult; "therefore be ſo obliging as to conſider "whether it is more agreeable to comply "with the terms of my requeſt, or to "ſubmit to the conſequences of my re"ſentment." — Sir Richard ſpoke this in ſo determined a tone, that the baronet was ſtartled, and ſaid, ſeeming to recollect himſelf, "Lord, my dear Sir Ri"chard, I beg ten thouſand pardons; "upon my honour, I did not remem"ber — bleſs me, I have a hundred "pound note in my pocket, which is "intirely at your ſervice." — So ſaying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put up, and then addreſſed him in the following manner. — "Tho' "I deſpiſe an obligation from a perſon "of ſo mean a caſt as I am ſatisfied you "are, yet rather than be made a fool, I "chooſe to accept of this hundred pounds, "which I ſhall return when it ſuits my "conveniency. — But that the next fa"vour you confer may be done with a "better grace, I muſt take the liberty "of pulling you by the noſe, as a proper "expedient to preſerve your recollecti"on." — Which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then took his leave, whilſt the poor baronet ſtood ſuprized at the oddity of his behaviour, and heartily aſhamed at the meanneſs of his own.

This anecdote is taken from the papers of a dignified clergyman, lately deceaſed, who received the ſtory from Sir Richard's own mouth.

A

A letter from Taſte to the Trifler.

I AM one of thoſe beings, which, like the celebrated ſpirit of Cock-lane, have not a little diſturbed the harmleſs underſtanding of his Majeſty's ſimple and innocent ſubjects, by ſetting them mad after every thing they ſhould moſt carefully avoid. After this candid declaration, Sir, it will ſcarcely be neceſſary to ſay my name is TASTE, or that I am at preſent the univerſal admiration of the Britiſh people. — I exiſt, Sir, in a variety of forms and ſituations, and have my vaſſals, from a ducal coronet, down to a deſpicable gin-ſhop.

Though I have my admirers, Mr. Trifler, more or leſs in every nation, yet I conſider the land of roaſt beef and liberity the moſt eligible reſidence; for here every man has a right to make himſelf a blockhead with impunity; and, thank heaven, the generality of people run into riot and diſorder for the ſake of ſhewing the extent of their perogative. Since my arrival in this country, I have made a total reformation in its manners; the nobility were a ſet of people formerly diſtinguiſhed for ſome very ridiculous qualifications; they relieved the indigent, ſuccoured the diſtreſſed, were above telling lies, paid their debts, and went to church:—ſhew me now, Mr Trifler, principles ſo extremely abſurd among one half of the right honourable perſonages in the kingdom: — No, no; the indigent may ſtarve, the diſtreſſed may periſh, truth may be kicked down ſtairs, and an honeſt creditor go away without his money; as for the Divine Being, he is no more regarded than their tradeſmen. —Exalted revolution! Obſerve, Mr. Trifler, under how many obligations I have laid the people of England: among the great I have introduced cunning and hypocriſy; among the people; vanity and impudence; the principal number of the firſt I have rendered mean; the greateſt part of the latter deſpicable; to ſupport the extravagancies of the one I have mortgaged half their eſtates, to maintain the follies of the other I have cheated all their creditors.

As I am uncommonly delicate, Mr. Trifler, in the choice of my amuſements, I always chuſe ſuch as have no meaning, to avoid the poſſibility of improvement: — I preſide at the opera, becauſe I do not underſtand a ſingle ſyllable of Italian; and fall aſleep at the play-houſe, to ſhew the neceſſity of liſtening to the entertainment. I keep a ſtud of horſes which I never ride, a miſtreſs I never ſee, and a houſe I never live in.—Tho' as ignorant of colours as of the tenets in the goſpel, I am always a diſtinguiſhed connoiſſeur at every ſale of pictures, and as well acquainted with the terms as if I had ſerved an apprenticeſhip to a painter. — It is the diſtinguiſhing mark of Taſte, Mr. Trifler, never to be converſant with what one ought to be acquainted with, and to be always intimate with what we ſhould not. — If it was not for my aſſiſtance, what in ſhort would become of the ladies; life would be turned into one inſipid blank, and appear rather diſguſting than agreeable: books would be introduced in the room of cards, good-nature take the place of ſcandal, anxiety be ſupplanted by content, and virtue be made the foundation of happineſs; and what would be the conſequence? All the French hair-cutters I have imported, muſt return to their ſoup-maigre and their frogs: all the artificial teeth and complexions I have invented, muſt be thrown out of the window; good ſenſe muſt be thought an uſeful qualification, and merit prove the only ſource of admiration. — O! if this ſhould be the caſe, what muſt become of half the red-coats in the kingdom? or how would the greateſt number of our authors get credit for a mutton-chop or an humble tankard of porter? The laced coat of a MURPHY would be metamorphoſed to the blanket of a Teague; and the faſhionable toledo of a COLEMAN, to the crooked knife of an errand-boy; a CHURCHILL would be ſticking up bills for the play-houſe, and a SMOLLET ſweeping out the ſhop of a bookſeller. — In ſhort, as Virgil has it,

" Tempora mutantur & nos mutamur in illis."

A total confuſion in every ſyſtem would certainly enſue; the whole kingdom would be over run with broken officers, poets, painters, and muſicians; Monthly Reviewers would become waiters

ers at a coffee-houſe, a d, Lord have mercy on your poor humble ſervant,

TASTE.

A method to cool liquors in hot weather.

IT has been found by repeated experiments, that ſeveral kinds of ſalt have the property of communicating to water in which they are diſolved, a degree of cold greater than that of ice, provided the water and the ſalt were at the time when they were mixed, as cool as water in a well, which is generally about 10 degrees above the freezing point.

This degree of cold may always be giveu them, by letting them down into a well, or placing them in a ciſtern in a good cellar.

When this is done, if 20 ounces of ſal ammoniac, well pulveriſed and paſſed through a ſieve, be put into a pan or tin veſſel with five pints of water, the mixture will, in one minute and an half, cauſe a thermometer that is dipped into it, to fall two degrees and an half below the freezing point; and if a quart bottle of any liquor, that is already as cool as a good cellar or a well will make it, be put into the mixture, it will, in about half an hour, acquire a degree of cold about three degrees and a half above the freezing point: the mixture will alſo be then of the ſame temperament; for as the mixture cools the bottle of liquor, the bottle of liquor will proportionably warm the mixture. The mixture, however, will continue ſufficiently cold, to give to three bottles ſucceſſively a degree of coolneſs, very little ſhort of what they would have acquired from the application of ice as commonly uſed, if the firſt bottle ſtays in it 10 minutes, the 2d 15, and the 3d 30.

This proceſs appears, indeed, at firſt, to be expenſive, as the 20 ounces of ſal ammoniac will coaſt between three and four ſhillings; but if the water in which this ſalt has been diſolved, be evaporated, the ſalt will be found at the bottom of the veſſel, without having ſuffered at all in its virtue, and with a very inconſiderable diminution of its weight, twenty ounces having loſt only a few grains.

Care, however, muſt be taken to evaporate the water in a veſſel of tin, or ſome other metal; for if the evaporation is made in an earthen veſſel, the ſal ammoniac will eſcape through it while it is in a ſtate of ſolution; though when the water is ſo nearly evaporated as to riſk the melting of the metal veſſel, the ſalt may be put into an earthen one, and the evaporation compleated without danger, as the ſalt will then be too thick to penetrate it.

The ſame effect may be produced with ſalt-petre as with ſal ammoniac, but not with the ſame quantity; more ſalt-petre muſt be uſed, but then the coarſeſt ſort will do, and even gun-powder not fit for uſe will ſerve the purpoſe: the ſalt-petre alſo may be recovered without loſs by evaporation.

In this proceſs, the lighteſt veſſels ſhould be uſed, becauſe the ſalts and water loſe their cold in proportion to the maſs of warmer matter with which they are in contact. If the refrigerating mixture be contained in a very thin light tin veſſels, and the wine to be cooled be put into a Florence flaſk, the experiment will ſucceed much better, than if a heavy, earthen, and a thick glaſs bottle were to receive the cold of the mixture in common with the wine, and alſo in common with that communicate a portion of their heat to the mixture.

But, it has been hitherto ſuppoſed, that the wine to be cooled, and the water and ſalt, with the veſſels to be uſed, had been ſeparately made as cool as a well could make them before they were put together; but this cannot be done at ſea, where there is often more need of an expedient to cool liquor than on ſhore. At ſea, there are other diſadvantages; for ſea-water, which is already impregnated with marine ſalt and bitumen, will not receive the ſame degree of cold from ſal ammoniac as freſh water will; which, however, is generally too ſcarce and valuable on board a ſhip to be uſed for this purpoſe.

But though water that has been expoſed to the air, in which Farenheit's thermometer ſtands at 28d egrees, will not become ſo cool with a given quantity of ſal ammoniac, as water that is

reduced

reduced to a temperature not more than 10 degrees above the freezing point; yet as the warm water will diſſolve more ſal ammoniac than the cold, if the quantity of ſal ammoniac be increaſed in proportion to the capacity of the water to diſſolve it, ariſing from its heat, the effect will be nearly equal, and in any climate wine may be reduced at leaſt to the coldneſs of the beſt cellar, by mixing a proper quantity of ſal ammoniac even with ſea water, which, notwithſtanding its ſaltneſs, will diſſolve as much ſal ammoniac as freſh water, and receive nearly the ſame degree of coldneſs from it.

To this account it may be added, that evaporation produces cold, and if it is ſpeedy and not long continued, the cold produced will be intenſe to a ſurpriſing degree. The bulb of a thermometer filled with quickſilver, being kept wetted with the ſubtile ſpirit, while a conſtant ſtream of air was blown upon it by two pair of bellows, the cold ſoon became ſo intenſe, that the quickſilver froze to a ſolid maſs, and continued ſo till it was forged into a flat plate.

Anecdote of the Count de Lauzun *and of Sir* Walter Raleigh.

THIS nobleman, being ſuſpected of ſome correſpondence detrimental to the intereſt of the French court, was thrown into the Baſtile. Here he was confined for a conſiderable time; but at length obtaining liberty to receive the viſits of his friends, with them he conſulted about the means of making his eſcape; they accordingly provided him with cords, files, and every neceſſary implement for the purpoſe, which they gave to his valet, a very truſty and ſenſible fellow, in whom they could confide; but, being unhappily diſcovered in the execution of their deſign, the Count was ſeized and carried down to a diſmal dungeon under the citadel, and there directed to be confined till further orders —A ſeverer fate, however, attended the unfortunate valet; he was tried before the lieutenant of the police, and ſentenced to be hanged before the window of the priſon in his maſter's view, which ſentence was accordingly executed. We muſt naturally ſuppoſe that this circumſtance gave the greateſt uneaſineſs to the unhappy Count, lying upon a bed of ſtraw, ſupported by bread and water, and never ſeeing a ſoul but the inhuman keepers of the priſon. —In this ſituation, without books, or pen and ink, to amuſe himſelf, the only way the Count had of paſſing his hours was in teaching a little ſpider, that hung over his head, to run down from the cobweb to pick crumbs of bread from his hand. One day, while he was diverting himſelf in this manner, a turnkey, who uſuall brought him his uncomfortable pittance, came in; the Count informing him of the amuſement he had diſcovered, the brute inſtantly ran and killed the ſpider, ſaying, Criminals like the Count, were unworthy of any entertainment or diverſion.

The Count was afterwards reſtored to favour, and created a Duke; but confeſſed, no circumſtance ever ſo ſtrongly affected him as the loſs of his little ſpider, not even excepting the execution of his valet de chambre.

Similar to this is an anecdote related of Sir Walter Raleigh. When that great man was committed to the Tower, his friends, apprehenſive of the effects an unmerited confinement might have over a mind like his, procured leave for a Phyſician to attend him. The doctor at firſt found his patient gloomy and thoughtful. His room was clad with terrour, and the lineaments of his viſage ſeemed to forebode ſomething very dreadful. By degrees, however his countenance grew more ſerene, and the kind enquiries he began to make concerning the ſtate of his friends without, gave room to expect an approaching change for the better. Thus matters went on for about a week; when one day, the phyſician entering a little haſtily into his apartment, found the great Sir Walter, the terrour of Spain, the glory of England, and the reproach of the monarch under whom he ſuffered, very buſily engaged by himſelf at puſh-pin The doctor was not a little pleaſed with the diſcovery. After ſtaying a proper time, he went home tranſported to his friends; and telling them what he had ſeen, aſſured them, there would be no further occaſion for him to repeat his viſits

As we have obſerved the following articles in the Edinburgh News Papers, we have procured an exact drawing on Copper-plate of the Machine to which they refer, which, we preſume, will not only excite the curioſity of the Public, but likewiſe the attention of that honourable Society, who profeſs themſelves Patrons and Encouragers of every valuable improvement, in Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, *&c.*

To the PUBLISHERS, *&c.*

Edinburgh, July 21.

AS the ſcarcity of hands, on account of the preſent war, and of conſequence the great increaſe of the price of labour, have been for ſome time a moſt general complaint in this much depopulated country, that perſon muſt ſurely deſerve well of the public, who ſhall diſcover a method to ſupply the one, and reduce the other. Now that the ſeaſon is approaching, which is appointed by Providence to crown the labours of the year, and in which the induſtrious farmer hopes to reap the fruits of his toil, this penury of hands, in a climate ſo variable as Scotland, may ſoon be felt in the ſevereſt manner. The high prices of grain, and the proſpect of a ſhort but plentiful crop, are certainly very urgent motives for embracing every mean that may facilitate the cutting down of the corns with ſpeed and with ſafety. It is with a view to remedy, in a great meaſure, this univerſal complaint, that I communicate, through the channel of your paper, my having, at a conſiderable expence, invented a machine, which, I am able to demonſtrate, will, in the hands of a ſingle man, do more execution in a field of oats in one day, and to better purpoſe, than it is in the power of ſix ſhearers to do. This machine is now completed, and is conſtructed in ſuch a manner, that, where the corn is tolerably thick, it will cut down near a ſheaf at a ſtroke, and that without ſhaking the grain, or diſordering the ſtraw. Beſides laying down the corn as regularly as the moſt expert ſhearer is capable to do, it is attended with another advantage, that the ſun, in a day's time, will ſo dry the grass and weeds, as well as win the ſtraw and corn, that it may be fit either for putting into the ſtack, or carrying into the barn. It is not from any principle of vanity or conceit, that I have expatiated on the properties of this machine; my ſole aim by this letter is, to intimate my invention to the Honourable Society for the encouragement of arts, ſciences, *&c.* to any of whom I am ready to ſhow the machine, and, if they ſhall think proper, give them ocular demonſtration of its anſwering the purpoſe intended, by my own hands. At the ſame time, if they ſhall approve of it, and be of opinion, that it may in a great degree contribute to remove the grievance complained of, I have reaſon to hope, that the Society will not withhold a ſuitable encouragement for the invention. In that event, I propoſe, for a moderate premium, to inſtruct an overſeer, or principal ſervant on a farm, how to handle the machine, ſo that he may, with his own hands, cut down ſeveral acres of corn in a day.——*I am*, &c.

PETER WILLIAMSON.

Edinburgh, Aug. 18.

Within theſe few days ſeveral experiments have been made in different fields in the neighbourhood of this city, with the new invented machine for cutting down of corn; when we can with truth aſſert, that the inventor gave a convincing proof of the utility of his machine, by cutting down, and laying in a moſt regular manner, a conſiderable quantity both of oats and barley, in a very ſhort ſpace of time. At theſe experiments were preſent many gentlemen of diſtinction, and ſeveral knowing farmers, who gave it as their opinion, that this invention is a valuable improvement in huſbandry, and that the machine is calculated to anſwer all the purpoſes which Mr. Williamſon undertook to perform by it, in his late addreſs to the public.

Explanation of the PLATE.

A The Sned or Shaft.
B Neb or Handle.
C Yoke.
D Braces.
E Croſs Bar.
F Screws.
G Fingers.
H Cutter.
I Riffle.

On

On the death of a Friend and School-fellow.

Purpureos ſpargam flores, et fungar inani
Munere.—— VIRG.

SCarce rolls, alas! o'er mortal heads a year,
But claims afreſh the tributary tear;
Soon each fair hope ſome lowring cloud invades,
And all the gay deluſive landſcape fades.
Yet why ſhould man at Heav'n's behеſts repine,
Or tax with partial laws the power divine?
Wiſe Heav'n knows all things, all for beſt ordains,
Nor ſees, with careleſs eyes, our mortal pains.
Thro' the dark vale of tears our feet muſt preſs
The long, the painful road to happineſs;
A ſtate of trial knows no conſtant eaſe,
Bitter the cup which cures the mind's diſeaſe.
But ſure to nature may ſome tears be giv'n,
A generous grief muſt claim the praiſe of Heav'n.
Then let me weep, to friendſhip ever true,
To friendſhip, Muſe, this plaintive lay be due.
Soon ends, ill-fated youth, thy ſhort career,
Yet not unwept ſhall paſs thy mournful bier.
To bear a generous and a friendly heart,
Studious to pleaſe, and yet devoid of art;
In life content, by no one vice beguil'd,
Of paſſions gentle, and of manners mild;
Induſtrious, honeſt in the charge it bore,
And rich in every ſocial virtue's ſtore;
If this be praiſe, this praiſe is ever thine,
And ſuch thy virtues which we now reſign.
Yet why theſe tears? ſuch virtues, greatly bleſt,
Muſt gain the manſions of eternal reſt;
Above the buſtle of this earthly ſphere,
And all the buſineſs of low-thoughted care.
Calm flow'd, dear friend, thy ſpring of life away,
Thy hours were eaſy, and thy heart was gay;
Nor broke with ſickneſs, nor o'erwhelm'd with care,
To thee life's proſpect ſhow'd all good and fair.
Nor ling'ring came, tho' immature, thy death,
But fate, with gentleſt hand, ſuppreſt thy breath,
And bade her languor o'er thy ſenſes creep
Serene and mild, as new-born infants ſleep.
O! where are now thoſe hours which roll'd away
In friendly mirth, ſo innocently gay?
O'er temperate bowls we ſaw the minutes paſs,
And crown'd to thy *Eliza*'s name the glaſs.
With mutual ſorrow we thy fate attend,
She loſt the lover when we loſt the friend.
Poor hapleſs maid! for thee ſhall flow the tear,
And each fond boſom feel a grief ſincere.
In vain for thee the god of ſoft deſires
Prepar'd his myrtle wreaths and purer fires,
His torch extinct, the god dejected flies,
And veils with ſafron robe his ſtreaming eyes.
Stretch'd on cold earth, thy lover breathes no more,
Each warmer hope, each fonder wiſh is o'er.
Death, haughty tyrant! unrelenting hears
A lover's vows, and mocks a lover's tears.
O reſt in peace, thou dear departed ſhade,
Light on thy limbs the heaving turf be laid;
The little loves with roſy wreaths ſhall deck the ground,
And ſtrew, with broken darts, thy tomb around,
There ſhall the vernal roſes ſhed perfume,
And there the evergreen amaranthus bloom,
And if of mortal friendſhip aught remains,
Or earthly ſounds can reach your heav'nly plains
Where'er it wanders on the bleſsful coaſt,
Theſe friendly lays ſhall ſooth thy liſt'ning ghoſt.
And if this unpremeditated rhyme
Survives the rage of envy and of time,
When death's eternal night theſe eyes ſhall ſhade,
And, cold as thine, my limbs in earth are laid,
The Muſe her immortality ſhall give,
And in theſe lines our names united live.
The worldly prelate and the garter'd cheat,
The faithleſs patriot of a falling ſtate,
The great, the rich, the venal lay may claim,
And too ſucceſsful knav'ry bribe for fame;
But long as this my vital pulſe ſhall beat,
Long as this breaſt ſhall feel the ſacred heat,
To ſocial merit ſhall the ſtrain belong,
Nor private Virtue ever want a Song.

LOVE *and* FRIENDSHIP. *A Tale.*
By a young Lady.

LOVE once, as moral authors ſay,
From mother Venus ſtole away,
And ſtroll'd about, if he could find
Something more pleaſing to his mind.
I'm tir'd (he cry'd) with knaviſh tricks,
And plaguing this and t'other ſex.
I'll try my credit to regain;
The honours of my ancient reign,
Wand'ring, at laſt he Friendſhip meets,
And thus with courteous language greets:
May Jove this meeting lucky make;
Friendſhip's your name, or I miſtake.
We once were undivided friends;
The ſame our means: the ſame our ends.
I've not been happy ſince we parted;
Deſpis'd, neglected, and deſerted,
I've loſt the mighty pow'r to move:
Paſſion and luſt are now call'd Love.
Friendſhip reply'd, my fate's the ſame,
Civility uſurps my name.
Call out I wander here alone,
Without one kind companion.
But if you'll join your old ally,
Our re-united force we'll try.
Agreed (quoth Love)——But where to fix?
Says Friendſhip, in a coach and ſix.
Love ſhak'd his head —— that's not th'affair;
I ſeldom am admitted there.
Gold gives the motion to thoſe wheels;
My Lord no other paſſion feels.
Riches alone a bride prepare;
No thought of virtuous, chaſte, and fair.
Friendſhip propos'd the humble cell,
Where Innocence, and quiet dwell,

But

But Love obſerv'd that want and care
Expell'd him oft, when enter'd there.
There is one place we've not try'd yet;
At court, I think, we never met.
There we've a chance, by all report:
However 'tis our laſt reſort.
Reſolv'd, they went, on Levee day;
Thro' crowds of courtiers made their way:
The Monarch ſtood with graceful mien,
And noble aſpect, half divine.
Friendſhip ſurvey'd with curious eyes,
Then paus'd — and ſaid with ſome ſurprize,
I've found the man——Love quick reply'd,
I'll help him to a charming bride.
A Nymph adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Venus herſelf ſupplies the face;
Pallas with wiſdom fills her breaſt.
Imperial Juno gives the reſt.
He flew——and from a kindred nation brings
The beſt of Conſorts for the beſt of Kings.

Happy! happy! happy! pair!
Gen'rous GEORGE, and CHARLOTTE fair,
Happy! where true virtues join;
Love and Friendſhip there combine.

Friendſhip fades, 'leſs Love prevails,
Love grows cold, if Friendſhip fails;
Happy pair! whom virtues join:
Love and Friendſhip both combine.

On SUMMER.

SWEET bluſhing April, with her virgin train
Of ſnowy blooms, forſakes the plain;
And, to yon amber cloud that towers
Along the bright, etherial ſkies,
Where dwell her ſoft, ambroſial ſhowers,
Her green car, drawn by white-wing'd zephyrs, flies;
And, as they ſkim the azure air,
They ſoftly fan her boſom bare;
And there diffuſe the bland perfume
Collected from each new-blown flowret's bloom.

Now Summer comes! a beauteous maid,
In flowery, flowing ſtole array'd:
Around her lovely, milk-white brow,
The vermil tinctur'd roſes glow,
Sweet ſmile the yellow painted meads;
And odours breathe thro' hawthorn ſhades:
Now emerald robes adorn the groves,
Where the loquacious ſtreamlet flows:
And all the heath-clad hills around,
With the fond thruſh's notes reſound.
Ye Shepherds of our happy vale,
O haſte, forgo the love-lorn tale;
And frame the gratulating lay,
Lo, Summer comes, a virgin gay.

Hail thou queen of rural ſports!
Welcome to our blithe reſorts:
Welcome, pleaſure breathing maid!
Welcome to the ſylvan ſhade.
Thus we Shepherds of the vale,
Thy reviv'ring preſence hail,
Goddeſs of our feſtive ſong,
May thy bliſsful reign be long!

Glaſgow, May 26, W. R.

To a young Lady, with the Gentle Shepherd.
By *the ſame*,

HERE, beauteous maid, the raptur'd lay peruſe,
The genuine offspring of the paſt'ral muſe:
The muſe that oft, on Scotia's bliſsful plains,
Chear'd the wild forelts with her tuneful ſtrains.
Cold now the hands, extinct the heav'nly fire,
That late, with tranſport, wak'd the living lyre:
No more the energy of ſong pervades
Our winding valleys, and our peaceful ſhades.
Vocal no more the downy pinion'd gale,
Vocal, 'erewhile, with the melodious tale;
No more the green hill, and the deep'ning grove
Reſound the longing, langu'd voice of love;
The guileleſs love that ſpoke, devoid of art,
The tender language of the ardent heart,
When warm affection with ſtrict virtue join'd,
To raiſe the thoughts and harmonize the mind:
And ſuch, Amanda, are the rural lays
That juſtly merit thy judicious praiſe:
Where innocence thy kind applauſe invites,
And ſtill in innocence thy ſoul delights.

The SUMMIT *of human* FELICITY.

NEAR Richmond's bright vales, in a charming retreat,
A manſion engagingly ſtands;
Not expenſively rais'd, but commodiouſly neat,
And poſſeſſes ſome neighb'ring lands.

There Belmour with matchleſs Clarinda retir'd,
From life's noiſy glare has remov'd;
By the villas around both eſteem'd and admir'd,
And at home both reſpected and lov'd.

With his ſoul's deareſt partner the morn does he paſs,
In the ſweeteſt enjoyment and eaſe;
And at dinner ſome well choſen friends o'er a glaſs
Are allow'd to do juſt what they pleaſe.

His cellars with true hoſpitality ſtor'd,
Give a welcome moſt cordially warm;
For plenty and freedom preſide at his board,
And content takes care of the farm.

The poor at his preſence throw wretchedneſs by,
Their bleſſings alone to employ;
The heart of the fatherleſs ceaſes to ſigh,
And the widow's is leaping for joy.

Thus reaching the ſummit of all human bliſs
With no care is he ever perplex'd;
But happily glides thro' a life ſuch as this,
To meet endleſs delight in the next.

The

The power of INNOCENCE. *A true Story.*

WHEN firſt the nuptial ſtate we prove,
We live the happy life of love;
But when familiar charms no more
Inſpire the bliſs they gave before,
Each leſs delighting, leſs is lov'd,
Firſt this, then that, i diſapprov'd;
Complacence flies, neglect ſucceeds,
Neglect diſdain and hatred breeds.
'Twas thus a pair, who long time prov'd
The joys to love and be belov'd,
At length fell out for trifling things,
From trifles anger moſtly ſprings.
The with to pleaſe forſook each breaſt,
Love's throne by ruthleſs rage poſſeſs'd;
Reſolv'd to part, they'd meet no more:
Enough—the chariot's at the door.
The manſion was my lady's own;
Sir John reſolv'd to live in town;
Writings were drawn, each cauſe agreed,
Both vow'd, they'd ne'er recal the deed.
The chariot waits, why this delay?
The ſequel ſhall the cauſe diſplay.
One lovely girl the lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys ſhe taſtes no more;
The father's, mother's darling, ſhe,
Now liſp'd, and prattled on each knee.
Sir John, when riſing to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cry'd, with ardour in his eye,
"Come, Betſy, bid mama good-bye."
The lady, trembling, anſwer'd, "No
"Go kiſs pappa, my Betſy, go.
"The child ſhall live with me"—ſhe cry'd.
"The child ſhall chuſe,"—Sir John reply'd.
Poor Betſy look'd at each by turns,
And each the ſtarting tear diſcerns.
My lady aſks, with doubt and fear,
"Will you not live with me, my dear!"
Yes, half reſolv'd, reply'd the child,
And, half ſuppreſs'd her tears, ſhe ſmil'd,
"Come, Betſy," cry'd Sir John, "you'll go,
"And live with dear pappa I know."
"Yes, Betſy, cry'd, the Lady then
Addreſs'd the wond'ring child again,
"The time to live with both is o'er,
"This day we part to meet no more:
"Chuſe then"—here grief o'erflow'd her breaſt,
And tears burſt out, too long ſuppreſs'd,
The child, who tears to chiding join'd,
Suppos'd pappa, diſpleas'd, unkind;
And try'd, with all her little ſkill,
To ſooth his oft-relenting will.
Do, cry'd the liſper, pappy! do
Love dear mama!—mama loves you!
Subdu'd the ſource of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart bely'd;
The tender tranſport force'd its way;
They both confeſs'd each others ſway;
And, prompted by the ſocial ſmart,
Breaſt ruſh'd to breaſt, and heart to heart,
Each claſp'd their Betſy, o'er and o'er,
And Tom drove empty from the door.
Ye that have paſſions for a tear,
Give nature vent, and dropt it here.

On a very young LADY.

IF Dryden's ſkill to ſing were mine,
In gayer numbers ſhou'd ſhe ſhine.
But let her charms my pen inſpire
With more than even Dryden's fire.
Hark! how ſhe ſtrikes the warbling ſtrings!
See how ſhe ſmiles and how ſhe ſings!
Behold the ringlets of her hair,
Her ruby lips and charming air!
Her looks ſo ſweet, her wit ſo ſmart
Her eaſy temper, open heart!
How rarely, very rarely's ſeen
Such ſenſe and beauty at ——teen?
Then hear my prayers, ye gods above,
And oh! for once propitious prove;
Some few years hence, when time has made
Her ripe to grace the nuptial bed,
Then, may ſome ſprightly, gen'rous youth,
Inſpir'd with virtue, ſenſe, and truth,
Unſtain'd with baſeneſs, warm'd with love,
And conſtant as the turtle-dove,
Neglecting every other fair
Make her his whole delight and care.

Elgin, May 14.

ODE *to* CONTEMPLATION.

BEneath that ſhady elm, on yonder mound,
With teeming flow'rets of the ſummer crown'd;
Liſtleſs I ſtretch me by the noon of day,
And calm enjoy the ſun's benignant ray.
The ſounding main my diſtant view commands,
Daſhing its billows 'gainſt the naked ſtrands,
Here bleating ſheep along the wood-bines play
There warbling birds in ev'ry bloomy ſpray.
Here lowing oxen ſtart upon my ſight,
And hanging goats from o'er the mountain's height,
On either ſide, landſcapes of bliſs appear,
Deck'd with the verdure of the rolling year;
Here cliffs in hoary majeſty ariſe,
And hills whoſe lofty ſummits threat the ſkies.
There humble vales, and lonely dales ſubſide,
Where the gay ſeaſons laviſh all their pride;
Around me ſing the tenants of the grove,
And ſportive lambkins innocently rove.
Such ſcenes as theſe my meditation aid,
When from the world and cares diſtracting fled,
Muſing I roam. And thou, O ſacred maid!
Hail! Contemplation! in this friendly ſhade,
Let others doat on tranſient ſcenes of ſtate,
Whilſt with fond ſteps I ſeek ſome lone retreat,
Nor count the joys a ſplendid world can give,
With thee, O heav'n-born Solitude! to live.

Far

Whene'er I haunt the groves and ſhady bow'rs,
In ſolitude ſerene to ſpend my h urs;
What time by moſſy fountains I'm r c'in'd,
To taſte the nobler pleaſures of the mind;
Whene'er I tread the ſolitary green,
Traverſe the plain, and ſhift from ſcene to ſcene,
On Contemplation's pinions may I fly,
While hu ſh'd a ſleep my troubling paſſions lie;
May my wing'd thoughts to heav'n's high throne aſpire
And my whole ſoul replete with rapt'rous fire,
Let heav'n ſublime her portals wide diſplay,
And burſt upon me in a flood of day.
And while ſuch viſions charm my fancy's eyes,
In trance extatic may I mount the ſkies;
Let my rapt ſoul, unbounded, take her flight
To the fair regions of eternal light.

S. M. C.

To a very young LADY, *with a preſent of artificial Flowers.*

SEE what great Nature's rival, Art, can do,
And flow'rs as bright as in their native hue!
See the ſweet jeſſ'min its pale charms diſcloſe,
Mix'd with the bluſhes of the vernal roſe!
The pink, the woodbine, here will woo thy ſight,
And be at once thy wonder and delight.
Yet think how poor a pleaſure they ſupply,
They yield no fragrance, and but cheat the eye.
Emblem inſtructive of the ſpecious fair,
This mock-creation with thy ſex compare:
Like theſe frail works of art, made up for ſhow,
To falſe appearance they their beauties owe,
And when the finiſh'd compoſitions ſhine,
In paint and dreſs all radiant and divine,
Happy to flaunt the pageants of an hour;
What is each charmer but a painted flower?
Adorn'd by nature's hand with every grace
With which ſhe crowns the brighteſt of thy race;
Near whoſe fair blooming cheek the rival roſe,
Loſes diſcountenance'd, and faintly glows;
While near thy breaſt the lily rob'd in white,
Unprais'd remains, loſt in a purer light;
Secure, my *Delia*, in unpractis'd years,
Thy youth, theſe truths ſevere, unconſcious hears.
Yet let a friend prevent from future harms,
And guard from their worſt enemy thy charms.
By nature favour'd then, to nature truſt,
Know thy own pow'r, and to thyſelf be juſt.
Content to her each blooming grace to owe,
Seek not in *Art* what *Art* can ne'er beſtow,
Ne'er let the Syren thy fond ſteps miſlead,
Nor tempt them in her treach'rous paths to tread,
Who by falſe titles all her pow'r obtains,
And counts her beauties only by her ſtains.
But ſcorning her, and ev'ry falſe pretence,
Aſſert your genuine charms and native ſenſe,
Above diſguiſe, from affectation free,
As nature form'd you, nobly dare to be.
So ſhall your riper worth each heart ſubdue.
And beauty vindicate its rights in you.

The SCOTCH BONNET.

A New Ballad.

Tune—— *He that has the beſt Wife.*

'TIS in vain to diſpute, of a ſhoe or a boot,
Let the muſes inſpire but my ſonnet,
My aim is to ſing of a much better thing,
And the thing that I mean is a Bonnet, brave boys;
And the ſubject I chooſe is a Bonnet.

I mean not to ſpeak in Latin or Greek,
Nor in Erſe nor in Iriſh upon it;
Good people attend, I mean to commend,
And to ſing in the praiſe of a Bonnet, brave boys;
And not in diſpraiſe of a Bonnet.

The hat may pretend with the cap to contend,
And critics may ſay much upon it;
But neither ſhall dare in the leaſt to compare,
Or candidates ſtand with the Bonnet, brave boys;
Or vie with with their betters, a Bonnet.

The Spaniard in pride, with his ſword by his ſide,
Like Quixote, may ſwagger and don it;
The helmet and crown, though names of renown,
May rank with their equal, a Bonnet, brave boys;
And not bluſh to rank with a Bonnet.

Pray don't take me wrong; the theme of my ſong,
Is'nt that with fine flounces upon it,
Which ladies ſo fair, ſo commonly wear,
I mean what the Scots wear, the Bonnet, brave boys;
Who ne'er were aſham'd of the Bonnet.

'Tis a bonnet of worth, though come from the north,
And worthy a much better ſonnet;
The bonnet I ſing is fit for a King,
Nor care I who laughs at my Bonnet, brave boys;
Nor value who banters my Bonnet.

Then don't take it ill, that I with my quill,
Have flouriſh'd encomiums upon it;
Since turban and Turk have ne'er made ſuch work,
As D——d has done with his Bonnet, brave boys;
As D——d has done with his Bonnet.

ORATIO DOMINICA.

AEtheris (O Genitor!) qui ſacras incolis arces!
In pretio ſummo ſit *nomen* ſemper habendum;
Adveniat regnum.—Lætique gerant tibi morem
Terricolæ; ut ſuperi peragunt mandata ſerena.
Hoc ſole, inque dies, da panem convenientem;
Peccatique reis nobis, a ſpore tenellæ,
Ignoſcas, vitæ, ut delicta remittimus iliis
Qui noceant nobis temeré, vel mente maligna.
Dæmonis impulſu, ne nos objeceris unquam,
Fripe ſed pravo—ſunt gloria namque poteſtas
Te penes, et regnum, ſæclorum in ſæcula cuncta

The Political State of Europe, *&c.*

For JULY, 1762.

FOREIGN HISTORY.

GERMANY.

THE favourable turn which the friendship of the new Emperor of Russia had given to the affairs of his Prussian Majesty, seemed to forebode a speedy peace in Germany, as these two Monarchs when united, were able to give law to that empire; but this union, by which the system of Russia was totally reversed, was brought about with too great precipitation to expect stability from it. By the treaty lately concluded with the King, the Czar not only ceased to be his enemy, but became his Ally. Not content with withdrawing his troops from the assistance of the Austrians, and observing a neutrality, he ordered a large body of them to join the Prussians, and fight against his former Allies.

In consequence of this, about the latter end of June, the Cossacks, who formed the van of the Russian auxiliaries, passed the Oder at Auras, and joined the Prussian army near Breslau. His Prussian Majesty led them himself to the Austrian foreposts, which they attacked, and made some prisoners. They were highly pleased with the honour of fighting under his Majesty's eye. On the 20th, Gen. Czernichew, with the remainder of that corps, passed the Oder at Auras, and on the 30th they arrived at Lissa, where his Majesty gave a grand entertainment to the general officers. On the first of July the King removed from Klein Tintz to Guschwitz on the Schwartz Wasser, while the whole army advanced; and the Russians marched from Lissa to Kostenblutt, forming the right of the army. This motion obliged M. Daun to retire in the night to the strong camp of Kuntzendorff, between Freyberg and Schweidnitz. As soon as the King got notice of his retreat, he decamped on the 2d at four in the afternoon, and marching all night to the heights of Wurben, pitched his tents at three in the morning at Buntzelwitz. Gen. Weid, who occupied the heights of Striegau, marched on the 5th at night, by Reichenau, towards a body of the enemy which occupied the heights of Aldelsbach. At the same hour the King took the same route, with eleven Prussian and ten Russian battalions, 15 squadrons of dragoons, ten of hussars, a regiment of Russian cuirassiers, the Moldau hussars, 500 Bosniacks, and 500 Cossacks. After a brisk and uninterrupted cannonade, Gen. Weid drove the enemy from some heights planted with cannon, to the hill of Engel. He afterwards attempted, with four battalions, to dislodge them also from that eminence; but as he found that enterprize attended with some difficulty, he desisted from his project and retired. On this occasion, 300 Prussians were killed or wounded, and the loss of the enemy was at least as many. Tho' the Austrians maintained their ground on the hill of Engel, M. Daun, in the night, abandoned his advantageous camp at Kuntzendorff, which Gen. Ziethen caused to be occupied by his troops; so that the enemy's army was cut off from Schweidnitz, and that fortress left to its own strength. Immediately after, the King incamped on the heights of Seidendorf, and on the 8th Gen. Wied penetrated to Weisse in Bohemia, while M. Daun lay encamped between Borsdorff and Tanhausen.

The Austrian accounts magnify the loss of the Prussians in the above action, and assert that the number of their dead run very high, and that they had taken near 1000 prisoners, and three colours. At the same time they acknowledge that M. Daun was obliged to quit his strong camp at Kuntzendorff, to defeat the designs of the Prussians on his magazine at Friedland, and preserve his communication with Bohemia.

Previous to this, Major-Gen. Grant, commandant of Neiss, succeeded in an enterprize against the enemy near Ottmachau, in which Gen. Drafkowitz, who commanded the Austrians, with 17 officers of note, and 400 men, were made prisoners.

About the middle of June, the Pr. of Bevern was detached with 15 battalions

of

of infantry, and a regiment of horſe and huſſars, to join Gen. Werner in Upper Sileſia, and aſſume the command of that corps; but, upon his approach, the Auſtrian General Beck abandoned the neighbourhood of Ratibor, and retired into the county of Teſchen. —— Late accounts from that quarter, ſay, that the Pr. of Bevern was near Troppau, Gen. Werner at Fulneck, and Gen. Beck at Bohrn, ſtill keeping open his communication with the county of Glatz.

On the 21ſt in the morning, the King of Pruſſia attacked the right of M. Daun's army, poſted on the heights, near the village of Buckerſdorff, which were carried by the Pruſſians. An attack was then ordered to be made on the villages of Ludwigſdorff and Leuthmanſdorff, from which the Auſtrians were likewiſe driven; by which their communication with Schweidnitz was entirely cut off. It was reſolved next day to attack the poſt of Borſdorff, near Tanhauſen, where the Auſtrian head-quarter was; but M. Daun thought proper to retire with part of his army towards Braunau in Bohemia, and the other part withdrew into the county of Glatz. The loſs on either ſide was not then aſcertained; but it was reported, that the Pruſſians took 14 pieces of cannon, and made upwards of 1000 priſoners; that the loſs of the Pruſſians did not exceed 300 men, and that the deſertion in the Auſtrian army was very great. There had likewiſe been a ſmart action at Braunau, of which the Pruſſians got poſſeſſion, and on the walls of which the Pruſſian Colonel Loſſow, is ſaid to have been killed.

The Auſtrian army appears to be ſtraitened for want of proviſions, their grand magazine at Konigſgratz, as well as ſeveral others, being reduced to aſhes, and the magazine at Schatzlar in the hands of the Pruſſians.

With reſpect to Prince Henry, he ſtill maintains his ground at Friedberg in the neighbourhood of Dreſden. He had puſhed a detachment under Col. Kleiſt into Bohemia, from whence he returned with a large booty. We were told, that the Pr. of Stolberg, with the army of the empire, was again marching forward to attack the Pruſſian chain under Major-Gen. Belling; but as the latter are much ſuperior in Saxony, it is not expected that the Imperialiſts can be able to make great impreſſion.

In this proſperous ſituation were the affairs of his Pruſſian Majeſty, ſupported by his new ally the Emperor of Ruſſia, when we received the following unlook'd for piece of intelligence in the London Gazette of Auguſt 3.

"*Peterſburg, July* 10. Yeſterday her Imperial Majeſty the Empreſs of Ruſſia, was proclaimed ſole and reigning Empreſs and Sovereign of this empire, by the name of CATHARINE II. and immediately thereupon, the ſeveral orders, eccleſiaſtical, civil and military, took the oaths of fidelity to her Imperial Majeſty, and to her ſon the Great Duke Paul, as her lawful heir."

In the ſubſequent Gazette, we had the following paragraph. "*Breſlau, July* 23. The Ruſſian corps under the command of Gen. Czernichew, are now ſeparated from the Pruſſian army, and actually on their way to Auras, where they are to repaſs the Oder, and continue their march to Poſen."

We have not yet thoroughly learnt all the circumſtances of this unexpected revolution; but we have received the following particulars, which are ſaid to be authentic.

Petersburgh, July 1. At the beginning of the ceremonies which brought about the revolution in leſs than half a day, to prevent commotion or trouble, her Imperial Majeſty thought it proper to ſecure the perſon of Prince George of Holſtein.

The Emperor had been for ſeveral days at his palace of Orangebaum, and the Empreſs at Peterſhof, another villa. On the 9th, at ſix in the morning, her Majeſty, careleſly habited, went in a common chariot, and paſſed with all haſte to Peterſburgh. On her arrival there, ſhe went directly to the palace, and addreſſing herſelf to the guards, begged them to ſupport her in her enterpriſe. They aſſembled with the greateſt expedition. The other regiments, to whom alſo the ſame requeſt had been made, formed likewiſe; and theſe forces being united in corps, proclaimed the Empreſs Catharine, Sovereign and ſole Miſtreſs of all the Ruſſias, declaring the Emperor Peter III. degraded from the Throne.

After this proclamation, during which the gates of the city were ſhut, the new Empreſs gave

gave out ſome orders, and then went to the church of Kaſan, where ſhe aſſiſted at divine ſervice. Afterwards ſhe received the oath of allegiance from all the grandees of the empire, aſſuring them, that ſhe aſſumed the reins of government for the good and advantage of the kingdom. At the beginning of theſe ceremonies, to prevent any commotion or troubles, her Imperial Majeſty thought it neceſſary to ſecure the perſon of Prince George of Holſtein.

Some other precautions having been taken, the Empreſs, in the uniform of the guards, with a blue ribband over it, mounted on horſeback, and put herſelf at the head of a body of about 10,000 men, followed by a train of artillery. With theſe ſhe marched directly to Oranjebaum; but when ſhe arrived there, the Emperor was gone.

He had left that palace in order to go to Peterſhof, where he intended dining; arriving at the latter he was ſurpriſed not to find her there. Learning, however, that ſhe had ſet out very early that morning for Peterſburgh, he diſpatched ſeveral couriers, one after another, to know the reaſon, but theſe were all arreſted.

At length ſome grenadiers, diſguiſed like peaſants, found means to eſcape, and inform the Emperor of what had paſſed in the city. Diſireous of ſaving himſelf by flight, he imbarked on board a yacht, in order to paſs over to Cronſtadt, but was prevented from arriving there, though we know not preciſely how. He then found himſelf under the neceſſity of returning to Oranjebaum. There, for his ſecurity, he cauſed the peaſants in the neighbourhood to be aſſembled, and intrenchments to be made.

While theſe things were doing, the Empreſs kept continually advancing, and when ſhe was got not far from Peterſhof, ſent the Emperor word, that all reſiſtance being abſolutely to no purpoſe, he would do well to ſubmit, and thereby prevent the greateſt evils. The purpoſe of this meſſage being known, the Holſtein troops in a panick threw down their arms; and the Emperor, then judging all was loſt, delivered up his ſword, and ſtepping into a carriage, went to Peterſhof, where he ſurrendered himſelf.

Some perſons pretend to know, that on his way thither he ſpake not one word. Others aſſure, that he only deſired his life might be ſpared, renouncing his throne and his poſſeſſions in Germany. Be that as it will, he was immediately ſhut up, and his guard ſeverely ordered not to give the leaſt anſwer to any queſtions he might put to them.

To the above we ſhall ſubjoin the following paper relative to the fatal cataſtrophe of this unhappy Prince.

Hague, Auguſt 4. There is certain advice of the death of the Emperor of Ruſſia Peter III. eight days after he had been deprived of his throne; on which occaſion the reigning Empreſs publiſhed the following manifeſto.

"We Catharine II. by the Grace of God, Empreſs and Autocratrix of all the Ruſſias, &c.

"THE ſeventh day after our advancement to the throne of all the Ruſſias, we received the news, that the late Emperor Peter III. by an hemoroidal accident, to which he had been ſometime ſubject, was fallen into a moſt violent cholic.

"Not to be wanting in our Chriſtian duty, and to the holy commandment, by which we are obliged to uſe our endeavours to preſerve the life of our neighbour, we immediately ordered all the neceſſary aſſiſtance to be ſent him, to prevent the dangerous conſequences of this accident, and to reſtore his health by the aid of medicine. But, to our great regret and affliction, we received yeſterday in the evening freſh advice, that, by the permiſſion of the Almighty, he was deceaſed.

'Wherefore we have ordered his corpſe to be tranſported to the monaſtery of Newſky, and to be there interred; and at the ſame time we excite and exhort all our faithful ſubjects, on our Imperial and maternal word, to forget all the evils paſt, to render his corpſe the laſt honours, and to pray to God for the repoſe of his ſoul, looking at the ſame time on this ſudden and unexpected end, as a particular effect of Divine Providence, who, from impenetrable views, prepares for us, for our Throne, and for all the country, things only known to his Holy Will.

"Done at Peterſburgh, July 7. 1762. O. S."

IN our laſt [304.] we gave an account of the victory obtained by the Allied army under the command of Pr. Ferdinand of Brunſwick, over that of the French commanded by the Marſhals d'Etrées and Soubiſe, near Graebenſtein, June 24.

In this action the French had 162 officers, and 2570 men made priſoners. The loſs of the allies in killed, wounded and miſſing, was as follows:

	K.	*W.*	*M.*
Officers - -	4	2	4
Non com-officers - -	10	18	5
Rank and file - -	94	153	306
Total -	108	173	315
Horſes - -	138	63	109

Liſt of Officers killed, wounded and priſoners.

Killed. Lieut. Col. Townſhend of the firſt regiment of foot-guards; Lieut. Robinſon of Hodgſon's regiment; Lieut. Cock of the artillery; Cornet Hornbracht of the regiment of Heſſe.

Wounded

Wounded. Capt. Middleton of the firſt regiment of foot-guards; Lieut. Bachelly of the regiment of Rhoeden.

Priſoners. Lieuts. Power and Irwin of Maxwell's grenadiers; Enſign Madan of the firſt regiment of foot-guards; Capt. de Winſe of the regiment of Wangenheim.

We ſhall here ſubjoin the French account of this action, contained in the following journal, publiſhed at Paris by authority.

On the 23d of June the enemy's whole army paſſed the Dymel, and at night the Engliſh advancing on our left towards Zierenberg, from whence they might get to Caſſel before us, the Marſhals d'Etrees and Soubiſe thought proper to quit the camp of Grebenſtein, to arrive at Caſſel before the enemy. This march was performed in the greateſt order. The Marq. de Caſtries, with the corps under his command, which had been detached before our right wing, to obſerve the Allies, rejoined the army, after having ſucceſsfully charged the enemy ſeveral times with his cavalry. The regiments of Alſace ſuſtained, with the greateſt firmneſs, the ſhock of the enemy's cavalry, and killed them many men; a conſiderable number of priſoners was alſo taken on this part.

On our left, the Count de Stainville, ſeeing the Engliſh advance to ſeize the heights of Wilhelmſtahl, and being ſenſible of the importance of that poſt, attacked them, notwithſtanding their great ſuperiority, in the deciſive moment for the ſafety of our army in its march. He ſucceeded in two moſt vigorous charges, and took from them ſeven pieces of cannon. At the third charge the grenadiers of France being too far back in the wood, ſeveral companies of that corps, and part of the regiment of Aquitaine, were ſurrounded by the enemy's whole right wing, and taken priſoners. This is the only diſaſter that happened during our march.

On the 24th at night, the army encamped near Caſſel, and the corps under the Marquis de Caſtries was placed before the right wing. The 25th, we pitched our camp at Landwerhagen, on the territory of Hanover, our right wing extending towards Munden. The Count de Stainville remained in the intrenched camp under Caſſel. The corps under the Count de Luſace, took poſt on the other ſide of the Werra.

Yeſterday (the 26th) the Allies ſent us back the priſoners they took on the 24th. Their number amounted to 1600, moſt of them belonging to the grenadiers of France, the royal grenadiers, and the regiment of Aquitaine. There were alſo among them ſome private men of the regiment of Poictou. This regiment and that of Aquitaine formed the brigade which diſtinguiſhed itſelf ſo much in Count Stainville's attacks.

From the returns of the regiments that were engaged, it appears, that our loſs in killed and wounded doth not amount to 900 men. The Chev. de Narbonne, colonel of the grenadiers of France, is the only officer of diſtinction that is killed; the Marquis de Peyre and the Marquis de la Rochalembert, colonels of grenadiers, and the Duke de Picquigny, are ſlightly wounded.

The priſoners we made amount to 300, and the killed and wounded of the enemy to many more. Of the ſeven pieces of cannon taken by M. de Stainville, in his repeated attacks, five were taken at the third charge, the two others, which are heavy cannon, have been ſent to Caſſel.

Yeſterday the Marſhals eſtabliſhed their headquarters at Landwerhagen. The Allies are encamped between Wilhelmſtahl and Hohenkirchen.

We have ſince received ſeveral particular accounts of the ulterior operations of the Allies, in which they have generally ſucceeded, and among which is the following.

Wilhelmſtahl, July 6. Prince Ferdinand having received advice, that M. de Rochambeau had aſſembled ſome brigades of infantry and cavalry near Hombourg, with a view to cover the communications of the enemy's army with Francfort, took the reſolution of diſlodging him from the poſt which he had taken poſſeſſion of: for which purpoſe his Serene Highneſs ordered Ld. Frederic Cavendiſh to advance with the chaſſeurs of the infantry of the army, Freytag's chaſſeurs, and Bauer's and Riedeſel's huſſars, from Lohn to Felzberg; and Ld Granby, with the brigade of the Britiſh grenadiers, Elliot's, the Blues, and the four Hanoverian ſquadrons, from Hoff to Fritzlar. The former were to march towards Hombourg, in ſuch a direction, as to cut off the enemy's corps from Melſungen and Fulda: The other, to cut off their retreat to Ziegenhayn. Which orders were executed in the following manner: The hour of rendezvous on both ſides of Hombourg, for the attack of M. de Rochambeau's corps, was agreed on. The diſcharge of three pieces cannon, from Ld Frederic Cavendiſh's troops, was to be the ſignal of their arrival. Elliot's being arrived at a quarter of a league's diſtance from Hombourg, attacked the advanced poſt, and drove them from the heigths, and took poſt there: The reſt of Ld. Granby's corps were in the rear of Elliot's, behind the declivity of the heighth; and the enemy's tents continued ſtanding. At the ſame time Ld. Frederic Cavendiſh's huſſars began to exchange ſome ſhot with the enemy, when their tents were immediately ſtruck, and they got under arms at the foot of the mountains, and in the hedges near the town; their cavalry formed on the plain; the three diſcharges of cannon were made; whereupon the enemy's infantry defiled on their left, their cavalry covering their march. Ld. Granby, perceiving they intended to retreat, marched all his corps, as faſt as poſſible, to the right,

right, when the enemy's cavalry, who put on a good countenance, began to move on at a good rate. Upon this, his Lordſhip ordered the cavalry to advance, following cloſe with the infantry, which began an attack on the enemy's rear, with the greateſt ardour and ſucceſs, making two priſoners in an inſtant; but the enemy's cavalry facing about immediately, and falling ſword in hand upon Elliot's dragoons, that regiment would have ſuffered greatly, had not Colonel Hervey, at the head of the Blues, ſeeing the danger, paſſed the village on full gallop; and, notwithſtanding he could oppoſe only eight or ten men in front, to formed ſquadrons, he overthrew all that came in his way, and ſaved Elliot's regiment.

The ſituation of the two regiments was at this time very critical; but the mutual ſupport which they gave each other, Elliot's dragoons, by continually ſkirmiſhing with the enemy, and the Blues by their manœuvres in ſquadrons, and by their ſteady countenance, kept the enemy at bay till the infantry could come up. They then began their retreat in the utmoſt hurry, the grenadiers and Highlanders following them with their uſual ardour. If their infantry had not poſted themſelves in a hollow way to ſuſtain their ſquadrons, which the Blues and Elliot's were charging, the whole would have been routed. During their retreat, Ld. Cavendiſh's corps, which could not advance ſooner, followed them cloſe, and puſhed them vigorouſly.

Colonels Hervey and Erſkine, Majors Forbes and Ainſly, diſtinguiſhed themſelves greatly.

Our loſs in killed, wounded, and taken, may be about 80 men: That of the enemy is very conſiderable; the number of priſoners made by us amounting to upwards of 250.

Though the troops were fatigued, they did not fail, however, to puſh the two regiments of huſſars of Bauer and Riedeſel to Rothenbourg, in order to deſtroy the enemy's magazine there, which was conſiderable, wherein Lieut.-Col. de Riedeſel ſucceeded perfectly well.

Previous to this, the corps under Pr. Xavier of Saxony, which encamped at Dransfeldt in the Hanoverian territory, was ordered to croſs the Werra, and join the main French army on the Fulda; but in its retreat, it loſt its hoſpital, baggage and medicines, with the eſcort that conducted them.

On the 15th July, Pr. Ferdinand marched from Wilhelmſthal to Hoff, and the ſame day all the enemy's poſts along the Fulda were attacked, as far as Melſungen; when the enemy, uncertain of the intentions of the allies, ſtruck their tents, and Lieut.-Gen. Chevert was recalled from his poſt at Dransfeldt to join the main body of the army. The French Marſhals abandoned their camp of Landwerhagen, and marched to the neighbourhood of Melſungen; ſo that, except the garriſon of Gottingen, they left no troops on the right of the Werra. The above garriſon likewiſe took the alarm on the 15th, and after blowing up the fortifications, and ſpiking up the artillery, they abandoned the town: but ſcarce had they been gone twelve hours before they returned, ſeemingly in great confuſion, and again took poſſeſſion of that unhappy defenceleſs city. It was ſoon known that they did not return by choice, but were forced to it, becauſe their communication with the grand army was cut off.

By theſe manœuvres of Pr. Ferdinand, the French Marſhals were ſo ſtraitened, that they ſent for the whole army from the Lower Rhine, under the command of the Pr. of Condé, to join them, in order to attempt, if poſſible, to re-open the communication with Francfort, and their magazines in that neighbourhood; but as the hereditary Prince kept pace with them, it is probable that this junction will be found very difficult.

We were told, that on the 25th, this Prince in perſon, at the head of 400 horſe, had made an attack on a body of the Prince of Condé's army, commanded by M. de Conflans, but was repulſed, and in great danger of being made priſoner.

To theſe particulars we ſhall add the following accounts.

St. James's, Auguſt 2. Capt. Cunningham, who is juſt arrived, being diſpatched the 24th paſt by Pr. Ferdinand to his Majeſty, brings word, That, the day before, he had cauſed an attack to be made, by a detachment of the Allied army, conſiſting of ſome Hanoverian and Heſſian troops, under the command of Gen. Gilſae, upon part of the enemy's right wing, compoſed chiefly of the Saxon troops, under Count de Luſace, in their intrenched camp of Lutternberg; that the Allied troops marched through the Fulde up to their waiſts; and, after clambering up the mountain, took four palliſaded redoubts, one after the other, and drove the enemy from all their intrenchments. That, during the action, Maj.-Gen. Walthauſen gained the rear of their right flank, charged their cavalry, routed them, and took and deſtroyed a whole regiment of Saxon horſe. That the Allies in this attack had taken

above 1000 priſoners, 13 pieces of cannon, and three ſtandards, with a loſs, on their part, not exceeding 200 men.

Capt. Cunningham likewiſe gives an account, That, during the ſaid attack, Pr. Frederic of Brunſwick had marched towards the Kratzberg, a very ſtrong high ground, which covers Caſſel, and cannonaded the French lines, where Count Stainville was incamped with about 10,000 men; who, hearing of the defeat of the Saxons, quitted thoſe lines, to go to their aſſiſtance, whereupon Pr. Frederic got poſſeſſion of them without oppoſition.

The following detail of this action is more explicit.

Letter from the head quarters of Duke Ferdinand of Brunſwick, at Nieder Wurſchitz, July 25.

His Serene Highneſs Duke Ferdinand having reſolved to attack the corps under the command of Pr. Xavier at Lutternberg, compoſed of the Saxon troops, and of 13 French ſquadrons, Gen Gilſae was charged with the execution thereof, and, for that purpoſe, to paſs the Fulda near Spel with his detachment, conſiſting of eight battalions; while Gen. Bock, with eight ſquadrons, paſſed it at Spiegelmuhl, and Gen. Zaſtrow at Willemſhauſen.

Gen. Waldhauſen poſted Col. Pleſſe at Bonnafort, to cover the left of the attack, and to bridle the garriſon of Munden, while with Col. Schlieben, who had been on the ſide of Gottingen, and who was at the ſame time to paſs the Werra at Hiedmunden, was to endeavour to take the enemy on the back.

All this was executed with the greateſt bravery. The attack was made the 23d at four in the morning. Our grenadiers on the left began it, by paſſing the Fulda in the face of the enemy, and in the midſt of a hot fire from their cannon and muſketry. The reſt of the infantry followed their example, though they had the water up to their chins. Gen. Gilſae immediately occupied the wood, which the enemies had on their right; which obliged them to change their poſition a little, to cover their flank, and to divide their attention.

The affair was diſputed briſkly a long time; but now our troops beginning to gain ground, and ſome ſqurdrons of Schlieben's corps, who had paſſed the Werra at Heidmunden, arriving on the back of the enemy, and having vigorouſly charged and overthrown all the French ſquadrons; the Saxons fearing to be cut off from Caſſel, gained with celerity the route to that city; but ſome battalions being thrown into the redoubts which they had erected on the heights of Lutternberg, were made priſoners; the reſt ſaved themſelves as well as they could, by flying towards the grand French army.

The loſs of the enemy has been very conſiderable upon the field of battle; beſides a great number of priſoners, amongſt whom are the Lieut. Gen. Pr. of Iſembourg, and ſeveral officers, a whole regiment of cavalry, and two regiments of grenadiers; they have alſo abandoned to us 13 pieces of cannon and three ſtandards.

The Count de Stainville, who commanded a corps of between 8 and 10,000 men in the famous intrenched camp upon the Kratzenberg near Caſſel, ſeeing, probably, the route of the Saxons, marched out to ſupport the corps of Pr. Xavier, and to cover his retreat.

Pr. Frederic of Brunſwick, who had been poſted to obſerve Stainville, and to give him at the ſame time diſturbance, perceiving him move off, entered his intrenchments, occupied them, and maintained his ground there; ſo that M. de Stainville has been obliged to throw himſelf into Caſſel.

Such is the true detail of this memorable action, wherein our loſs has been inconſiderable, notwithſtanding all the obſtacles we had to ſurmount to come at the enemy. All the troops fought in admirable order, and with an ardour greatly expreſſive of their emulaiton to merit, on all occaſions, the eſteem and approbation of their illuſtrious chief.

By late accounts, the Pr. of Condé was marching by haſty ſteps towards Marbourg, to attempt opening the communication with the main army, and the hereditary Prince was within two hours march of him; ſo that a bloody action ſeemed inevitable.

PORTUGAL.

On the 18th of May the K. of Portugal iſſued the following declaration of war againſt Spain.

WHereas the ambaſſador of Caſtile, Don Joſeph Torrero, in conjunction with Don Jacob O'Dunne, miniſter plenipotentiary of France, by their repreſentations, and the anſwers I have given thereto, it appears that one of the projects agreed on between the foreſaid powers in the Family pact was, to diſpoſe of theſe kingdoms as if they were their own; to invade them, occupy them, and uſurp them, under the incompatible pretext of aſſiſting me againſt enemies, which they ſuppoſed for ſuch, that never exiſted; and whereas different general officers of his Catholic Majeſty have ſucceſſively, ſince the 30th of April laſt, ſpread various papers through my dominions, preſcribing laws and ſanctions to my ſubjects, invading at the ſame time my provinces with an army divided into various bodies, attacking my fortified places, and perpetrating all the foreſaid hoſtilities, under the pretence of directing them to the advantage and glory of my crown, and of my ſubjects, and in ſuch light

even

even the Catholic King himſelf has repreſented the caſe to me; and whereas, notwithſtanding all theſe contradictory and unheard of motives, an offenſive war has been made againſt me, contrary to truth and juſtice, by the aforeſaid two monarchs, through mutual conſent; I have ordered it to be made known to all my ſubjects, that they hold all diſturbers or violators of the independent ſovereignty of my crown, and all invaders of my kingdoms, as public aggreſſors and declared enemies; that from henceforward, in natural defence, and neceſſary retortion, they be treated as aggreſſors and declared enemies in all and every ſenſe; and that to oppreſs them in their perſons and effects, all military perſons, and others, authoriſed by me, make uſe of their moſt executive means, which in theſe caſes are ſupported by all laws; and that, in like manner, all ſaid military, and every other perſon or perſons, of whatever rank, quality or condition they be, quit all communication and correſpondence with the ſaid enemies, under the penalties decreed againſt rebels and traitors. I likewiſe order that all the ſubjects of France and Spain that reſide in this city, or in the kingdoms of Portugal and Algarva, retire within the preciſe term of 15 days, to reckon from the day of the publication of this decree, otherwiſe they ſhall be treated as enemies, and their effects confiſcated; and that in all the wet as well as dry ports of this kingdom, all commerce and communication ceaſe with the aforeſaid monarchies of France and Spain, and all fruits, manufactures or goods of any kind, of the produce of the ſaid monarchies, be deemed contraband, and the entry, ſale, and uſe of them prohibited. Ordered that this decree be affixed and tranſmitted to every country, that it may come to the knowledge of all my ſubjects. I have given orders to the intendant-general of the police, to grant paſſports to all the aforeſaid, who have entered theſe kingdoms, *bona fide*, on their buſineſs, that they be permitted to retire unmoleſted.

Palace of Noſſa Senhora da Ajuda, May 18, 1762. With the rubric of his Majeſty. Publiſhed 23d May, 1762.

ANTONIO LUIZ DE CORDES.

On the 15th of June the K. of Spain iſſued the following declaration of war againſt Portugal.

NEither my repreſentations, founded on juſtice and utility, nor the fraternal perſuaſives with which I accompanied them, have been able to alter the King of Portugal's blind affection for the Engliſh. His miniſters, engaged by long habit, continue obſtinate in their partiality, to the great prejudice of his ſubjects; and I have met with nothing but refuſals; and been inſulted by his injurious preference of the friendſhip of England to that of Spain and France. I have even received a perſonal affront, by the arreſting of my ambaſſador, Don Joſeph Torrero, at Eſtremos, who was detained there in violation of his character, after he had been ſuffered to depart from Lisbon, and had arrived on the frontier, in virtue of paſſports from that court; but notwithſtanding ſuch inſults were powerful motives for me to keep no longer any meaſures with the King of Portugal; nevertheleſs, adhering to my firſt reſolution of not making an offenſive war againſt the Portugueſe, unleſs forced to it, I deferred giving orders to my general to treat them with the rigours of war; but having read the edict of the king of Portugal of the 18th of laſt month, in which, miſrepreſenting the upright intentions of the Moſt Chriſtian King and myſelf, he imputes to us a preconcerted deſign of invading his dominions; and orders all his vaſſals to treat us as enemies, and to break off all correſpondence with us, both by ſea and land; and forbids the uſe of all productions coming from our territories, confiſcating the goods of the French and Spaniards, and likewiſe ordering them to leave Portugal in a fortnight, which term, however ſtraight, has been further abridged, and many of my ſubjects have been expelled, plundered, and ill-treated, before the expiration of it. And the Marquis de Sarria having found, that the Portugueſe, ungrateful to his goodneſs and moderation, and the exactneſs with which they have been paid for every thing they have furniſhed for my troops, have proceeded ſo far as to excite the people and ſoldiery againſt my army; ſo that it would be diſhonourable to carry my forbearance any farther. For theſe cauſes I have reſolved, that from this day my troops ſhall treat Portugal as an enemy's country, that the property of the Portugueſe ſhall be confiſcated throughout my dominions, that all the Portugueſe ſhall leave Spain in a fortnight, and that all commerce with them ſhall be prohibited for the future.

MADRID, June 15.

On the 20th of June the French King iſſued the following declaration of war againſt Portugal.

THE King and the Catholic King being obliged to ſupport a war againſt England, have entered into reciprocal engagements to curb the exceſſive ambition of that crown, and the deſpotiſm which it pretends to uſurp in every ſea, and particularly in the Eaſt and Weſt-Indies, over the trade and navigation of other powers.

Their Majeſties judged that one proper ſtep for attaining this end would be, to invite the King of Portugal to enter into their alliance. It was natural to think that the propoſals which were made to that Prince on this ſubject, in the name of his Majeſty and his Catholic Majeſty, would be readily accepted. This opinion was founded on the conſideration of what the Moſt Faithful

King

King owed to himſelf and to his people, who, from the beginning of the preſent century, have groaned under the imperious yoke of the Engliſh. Beſides, the event hath but too clearly ſhewn the neceſſity of the juſt meaſures taken by France and Spain, with regard to a ſuſpicious and dangerous neutrality that had all the inconveniencies of a concealed war.

The memorials preſented to the court of Liſbon on this ſubject have been made public: All Europe hath ſeen the ſolid reaſons of juſtice and *convenience*, which were the foundation of their demand on the King of Portugal: to theſe were added, on the part of Spain, motives of the moſt tender friendſhip and affinity, which ought to have made the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſalutary impreſſion on the mind of the Moſt Faithful King.

But theſe powerful and juſt conſiderations were ſo far from determining that Prince to unite with his Majeſty and his Catholic Majeſty, that he abſolutely rejected their offers, and choſe to ſacrifice their alliance, his own glory, and the good of his people, to his unlimited and blind devotion to the will of England.

Such conduct leaving no doubt concerning the King of Portugal's true intentions, the King and the Catholic King could conſider him, from that time, only as a direct and perſonal enemy, who, under the artful pretext of a neutrality which would not be obſerved, would deliver up his ports to the diſpoſal of the Engliſh, to ſerve for ſheltering places for their ſhips, and to enable them to hurt France and Spain with more ſecurity and with more effect.

Nevertheleſs, his Majeſty and his Catholic Majeſty thought it their duty to keep meaſures with the Moſt Faithful King; and if the Spaniſh troops have entered Portugal, this inveſion, which was become indiſpenſably neceſſary, was not accompanied with any declaration of war; and the troops have behaved with all the circumſpection that could be required even in a friendly and neutral ſtate.

All this moderation hath been thrown away: the King of Portugal hath juſt now declared war in form againſt France and Spain. This unexpected ſtep forced the Catholic King to make the like declaration againſt Portugal; and the King (of France) can no longer defer taking the ſame reſolution.

Independent of the motives which are common to the two monarchs, each hath ſeparate grievances to alledge againſt Portugal, which of themſelves would be ſufficient to juſtify the extremity to which their Majeſties ſee themſelves with regret obliged to proceed.

Every one knows the unjuſt and violent attack made by the Engliſh, in 1759, on ſome of the (French) King's ſhips under the cannon of the Portuguese forts at Lagos. His Majeſty demanded of the Moſt Faithful King to procure him reſtitution of thoſe ſhips: but that Prince's miniſters, in contempt of what was due to the rules of juſtice, the laws of the ſea, the ſovereignty and territory of their maſter (all which were indecently violated by the moſt ſcandalous infraction of the rights of ſovereigns and of nations) in anſwer to the repeated requiſitions of the King's ambaſſador on this head, made only vague ſpeeches with an air of indifference that bordered on deriſion.

At the ſame time, the court of Liſbon, pretending to be ignorant that ſovereigns, who hold their rank of their birth only, and the dignity of their crown, can never permit, under any pretext, any potentate to attempt to infringe prerogatives and rights belonging to the antiquity and majeſty of their throne, hath pretended to eſtabliſh, without diſtinction, an alternative of precedence between all the ambaſſadors and foreign miniſters about the King of Portugal. The King, being informed by his ambaſſador, of the notification that had been made to him of this extraordinary and unexampled regulation, ſignified in writing to the Moſt Faithful King, his juſt diſſatisfaction; and his Majeſty declared that he would never ſuffer any attempt to be made, to diminiſh the right eſſentially inherent in the repreſentative character with which he is pleaſed to honour his ambaſſadors and miniſters.

However juſtly the King was authoriſed to expreſs, at that time, his diſpleaſure on account of theſe grievances, and ſeveral other ſubjects of complaint which he had received from the court of Portugal, his Majeſty contented himſelf with recalling his ambaſſador, and continued to keep up a correſpondence with the Moſt Faithful King, which he very ſincerely deſired to render more intimate and more laſting.

That Prince, therefore, can only blame himſelf for the calamities of a war, which he ought, on every account, to have avoided, and which he hath been the firſt to declare.

His offers to obſerve a ſtrict neutrality, might have been liſtened to by the King and the Catholic King, if paſt experience had not taught them to guard againſt the illuſion and danger of ſuch propoſals.

In the beginning of the preſent century, the court of Lisbon was very forward to acknowledge King Philip V. of glorious memory, and contracted formal engagements with France and Spain. Peter II who at that time filled the throne of Portugal, ſeemed to enter cordially into the alliance of the two crowns: but after diſſembling his ſecret intentions, for three years, he broke all his promiſes, and the neutrality which he had afterwards ſolicited, and which, in a letter to the Republic of the United Provinces, he had even adviſed her to embrace, and joined the enemies of France and Spain. The ſame confidence, and the ſame ſecurity, on the part of the two crowns, in the preſent ſtate of things, would undoubtedly have been followed by the like defection in the court of Liſbon.

United

United to the Catholic King by indiſſoluble ſentiments of tender friendſhip and common intereſts, the King hopes that their united efforts will be favoured by the God of Hoſts, and will in the end compel the King of Portugal to conduct himſelf on principles more conformable to ſound policy, the good of his people, and the ties of blood which unite him to his Majeſty and his Catholic Majeſty.

The King commands and enjoins all his ſubjects, vaſſals, and ſervants, to fall upon the ſubjects of the King of Portugal; and expreſsly prohibits them from having any communication, commerce, or intelligence with them, on pain of death; and accordingly his Majeſty hath from this date revoked, and hereby revokes, all licences, paſſports, ſafe-guards, and ſafe conducts, contrary to theſe preſents, that may have been granted by him or his lieutenant generals, and other officers; declaring them null and void; and to no effect; and forbidding all perſons to pay any regard thereto. And whereas, in contempt of the XVth article of the treaty of peace between France and Portugal, ſigned at Utrecht, April 11, 1713 (and by which it is expreſsly ſtipulated, 'That in caſe of a rupture between the 'two crowns, the ſpace of ſix months ſhall be 'granted their ſubjects reſpectively, to ſell or 'remove their effects, and withdraw their perſons, 'if they think fit'), the King of Portugal hath juſt now ordered, that all the French who are in his kingdom ſhould leave it in the ſpace of 15 days, and that their effects ſhall be confiſcated and ſequeſtrated; his Majeſty, by way of juſt reprisals, commands, that all the Portugueſe in his dominions, ſhall, in like manner, leave them within the ſpace of 15 days from the date hereof, and that all their effects ſhall be confiſcated.

VERSAILLES, *June* 20, 1762.

With regard to the operations of the Spaniards, who entered the Portugueſe territories previous to the above declarations of war, we had the following particulars in the London Gazette.

Liſbon, May 29. The Spaniſh troops, after having over-run the whole territory of Braganza, where there were no regular troops to oppoſe them, took poſſeſſion of the city of that name, which has for many years been quite open and defenceleſs.

From thence they went forward, and meeting with no oppoſition, entered the town of Chaves, which was likewiſe in former times a place of defence, but has been an open town for many years, from its great extent, and the ruinous ſtate of its old walls.

On the 26th inſtant, they write from Porto and Braga, that the Spaniards had left Chaves, and had endeavoured to paſs over the mountains of Monte Alegre towards the province of Minho; but finding the paſſes of thoſe mountains defended by the Major-generals Don John de Lancaſter, and Franciſco Joſeph Sarmento, at the head of ſome regiments of militia of thoſe two provinces, they had retired, in order to come over the mountains of Maran and Amarante, to the city of Oporto.

The ſame letters inform us, that the Major-general John de Almada, Governor of Oporto, had ſent troops to defend thoſe ſteep mountains of Maran, and the paſſes from thence to Amarante, which, he hoped, would be able to maintain their ground, untill the ſuccours of regular troops arrived, of which the firſt regiment of Chaves, horſe, was to arrive at Oporto the 28th inſtant.

On the other ſide, from Almeida, Major-general Joſeph Felix da Cunha adviſes, by letter of the 25th inſtant, that a body of the Spaniards, part of the army that remained at Miranda, had attempted to paſs the river Douro between Torre de Moncorvo and Villa Nova de Foſcos; but had been oppoſed by the inhabitants of this laſt place with ſome militia of the neighbourhood, who joined in a body on the ſouth ſide of the river, and with guns, pikes, flails, and other weapons, ſuch as they could collect, obliged the enemy to retire to Torre de Moncorvo, with ſome ſmall loſs; the Portugueſe on their ſide not having received the leaſt hurt from the enemy's fire. Upon this, in order to encourage theſe brave people, he had ordered a ſmall body of regular troops to aſſiſt them in the defence of that poſt, and had ſent them ſome few pieces of ordnance, and field pieces, with powder and ball. This is all the information we have had to this day, May 29.

AMERICA.

Subſtance of advices received by ſhipping the 17th and 19th of this month, at the iſlands of Scilly and Guernſey, from Newfoundland.

"On the 24th of June, four French men of war and a bomb-ketch entered the bay of Bull's, and landed ſome troops; which, after ſeizing upon the ſmall ſettlement in that bay, marched directly for St. John's, of which the French general took poſſeſſion on the 27th, by capitulation with the garriſon; the terms of which were, that the inhabitants ſhould be priſoners during the war, and ſecure in their poſſeſſions and effects. His Majeſty's ſloop Gramont, and ſeveral other veſſels, were taken by the enemy in the harbour of St. John's."

The ſcheme for ſeizing this iſland was laid by a French officer, who was a priſoner on that iſland for ſome time, and who had the addreſs to get draughts of the principal

principal places there, which he carried with him to France.

Letters from Paris of the 6th Auguſt give the following account of their expedition againſt Newfoundland.

"The Chev. de Ternay, who commands the King's ſquadron at Newfoundland, and the Count de Hauſſonville, who commands the land forces, have ſent an Engliſh veſſel expreſs with the account of their operations in that iſland.

"Their letters import, that, three days after they left Breſt, they met an Engliſh convoy, eſcorted by ſeveral ſhips of war, which the Chev. de Ternay did not think proper to engage, as it might have defeated his expedition to Newfoundland.

"On the 20th of June the ſquadron came in ſight of that iſland: on the 24th the Chev. de Ternay landed at the Bay of Bulls, diſtant ſeven leagues from St. John's; the regular troops on board, with the Count de Hauſſonville, who marched ſtreight to the town, and preſented himſelf before the fort. The governor was three times ſummoned to ſurrender: he would hearken to no propoſals, and fired on the King's troops; but the Count de Hauſſonville, putting himſelf at the head of the grenadiers, and diſpoſing his troops for an aſſault, the goveruor aſked to capitulate. The reſt of the iſland, particularly Placentia, the capital of it, was afterwards reduced without a blow. It is thought that this conqueſt will cauſe a loſs to England of a million ſterling yearly.

"After the ſurrender of the fort, the magazines, and the garriſon (who are to be priſoners of war till the peace), the King's ſhips entered the harbour, having broke the chain that defended the entrance thereof. They found in it the Counteſs de Gramont frigate, formerly a privateer of Bayonne, (which the crew had run aſhore, but which was got off), with a great number of other veſſels, which the Chev. de Ternay made uſe of to burn, in the north and ſouth harbours, all the veſſels, ſcaffolds, &c. employed in the fiſhery. The Count d' Hauſſonville has fortified himſelf at St. John's, in order to guard againſt a ſurprize, while the Chev. de Ternay continues his operations."

ENGLAND.

On the 24th of June, his Royal Highneſs the D. of York, went on board the fleet at Portſmouth, under the command of Adm. Hawke, and next day ſet ſail on a ſecret expedition. The fleet conſiſts of ten ſhips of the line and three frigates.

On the 29th was preſented to his Majeſty, in a gold box ten inches long, curiouſly wrought, a letter from a Nabob in the Eaſt-Indies, brought by one of the Indiamen lately arrived in the river; alſo a moſt magnificent palankin, made of crimſon velvet, richly embroidered with gold.

About the end of June, a heath on Bloreme hill in Monmouthſhire, took fire, continued burning, and in ſome places, conſumed the peat ſix feet deep.——A moor near Pately Bridge in Yorkſhire, out of which peats uſed to be dug, was on fire, and continued burning under ground, to the great terror of the inhabitants; a man and two horſes ſunk in and periſhed.——Alſo a high moor near Sheffield, had taken fire, and the flames extended in ſome places for 30 miles together: And at Aſhover near Cheſterfield, the inhabitants were in the greateſt terror, the earth being all on a fiery gloſs for four inches deep.

On the 8th of July the Cherokee chiefs were introduced to his Majeſty by the R. Hon. the Earl of March.

On the 10th was opened, in Weſtminiſter abbey, near the Poet's corner, the monument in memory of the late George Frederic Handel, Eſq; [iii, 204.]. He is repreſented pointing to the back of the monument, where David is playing on the harp. In Mr. Handel's right hand is a pen, writing part of the *Meſſiah*, "I know that my redeemer liveth, *&c*". and the following inſcription.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.
Born February 23. 1684.
Died April 14. 1759.

On the 12th a monument to the memory of the gallant LORD HOWE was likewiſe opened, in the ſame abbey,

[hiſt.

[hitt. ii. 142]. On the top is a trophy of arms in fine white marble; and on a flat pyramid of black marble, are his Lordſhip's arms, coronet, and creſt, in white marble. On the top of the monument ſits a figure of a woman in a melancholy poſition, repreſenting the province of Maſſachuſet's bay, and underneath the following inſcription: "The province of Maſſachuſet's bay, in New England, by an order of the great and general court, bearing date Feb. 1 1759, cauſed this monument to be erected to the memory of George Auguſtus, Lord Viſcount Howe, Brigadier-General of his Majeſty's forces in America, who was ſlain, July 6. 1758, on his march to Ticonderoga, in the 34th year of his age: in teſtimony of the ſenſe they had of his ſervices and military virtues, and of the affection their officers and ſoldiers bore to his command. He lived reſpected and beloved; the public regretted his loſs; to his family it is irreparable."

The Earl Temple has lately dedicated a magnificent building, at Stowe, of the Ionic order, CONCORDIAE ET VICTORIAE.

In the pediment of the Portico is a fine alto relief, repreſenting the four quarters of the world bringing gifts to Britain. In the portico, or ante-temple, two medallions, *Concordia fœderatorum, concordia civium.* Over the door, *Quo tempore ſalus eorum in ultimas anguſtias deducta nullum ambitioni locum reliquebat.* In the inner temple, in a niche facing the entrance, the ſtatue of BRITANNIA: over which, in a tablet, *Candidis autem animis voluptatem præbuerint in conſpicuo poſita, quæ cuique magnifica merito contigerunt.* On the walls, fourteen medallions, repreſenting the taking of Quebec, Martinico, *&c.* Louiſburg, Guadalupe, *&c.* Montreal, Pondicherry, *&c.* naval victory off Belleiſle, naval victory off Lagos, Crevelt and Minden, Felinghauſen, Senegal and Goree, Niagara and Crown Point, Beau Se jour and Fort du Queſne, Cherburg and Belleiſle. On a hill at a diſtance, in a diagonal line, riſes an obeliſk above an hundred feet high, inſcribed,

TO MAJOR-GENERAL WOLFE.
Oſtendant terris hunc tantum fata.

Captures, &c. by Britiſh men of war.

LONDON GAZETTE, *July* 6.

Hague, July 2. The Hermione, a Spaniſh regiſter-ſhip, which left Lima the 6th of January, bound for Cadiz, was taken, the 21ſt of May, off Cape St. Vincent's, by three Engliſh frigates, and carried into Gibraltar. Her cargo is ſaid to conſiſt of near twelve millions of money regiſtered, and the unregiſtered, to be likewiſe very conſiderable, beſides 2000 ſerons of cocoa, and a great deal of other valuable merchandiſe.

An account of her cargo from other papers.

5243 arobes of cocoa.
1193 quintals of tin.
2,276,715 dollars in ſilver and gold coined.
25 arobes of Alpaca wool.
6 quintals of Vigonia wool.

Two boxes with letters, which were thrown overboard from the Hermione, have been taken up at ſea near Faro in Portugal.

We have the following account of this capture, in a letter from an officer of the Active, dated Spithead, July 29. "Thank God, I am once arrived ſafe in Old England. We have brought in with us a very rich Spaniſh prize, which we took laſt Whitſun Monday, as coming from Lima to Cadiz. A little before eight o'clock in the evening, we began the attack, by giving her a broadſide. She returned none. We then put about ſhip to get to windward of her. She ſeeing our intent, did the ſame; but miſſed ſtays; which was greatly to our advantage, for we ſoon got up to her, and made a repeat of our firſt compliment, but much fiercer. Then our Captain hailed the Hermione, and aſked, where ſhe came from? and was anſwered, From Lima, in the river of Plate, and was a King's frigate, a man of war. Our Captain anſwered, He was an Engliſh man of war, and if he did not ſtrike his colours, he would fire every gun in the ſhip into her. The anſwer returned was the fire of one gun, followed by a whole broadſide of great guns and ſmall arms. As ſoon as their firſt gun was fired, we began ſmart work on both ſides. Our ſhip, by the continual firing, was nothing but ſmoke, fire, and noiſe; in the midſt of which every man ſtriving to outdo each the other; by which warm work they were ſo chagrined, that they ſtruck their colours about ten o'clock: ſo that we were two hours with her in parlying and fighting; for, part of the time, ſhe would neither fight nor ſtrike, till we obliged her to it.—— I ſuppoſe you have heard of our taking the privateer laſt Faſter Sunday, in the evening. That engagement was a great deal ſharper than the other; though, thank God, we have but one man wounded in both.

12, By the Mermaid, Capt. Watſon, Le Serviceable, a French privateer of 8 guns and 90 men.

[The remainder deferred].

MAR-

MARRIAGES

June 29. AT London, Lord Newbottle, ſon of the Earl of, Ancram, to Miſs Forteſcue, niece to the Earl of Morpington.

30 At ditto, John Maſkaline, Eſq; brother-in-law of Lord Clive, to Miſs Floyer of Abergaveny.

July. 6. At Edinburgh Mr. Charles Congalton, ſurgeon, to Miſs Agnes Macintoſh daughter of Mr John Macintoſh, ſurgeon in the navy.

17 At London, Sir Hary Harpur, to the hon. Lady Louiſa Greville.

BIRTHS.

July. At London, the Lady of Lord George Sackville, of a daughter.

[P. S.] *St. James's Auguſt* 12. This morning, at half an hour paſt ſeven, the Queen was happily delivered of a prince. Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Dowager of Wales, ſeveral Lords of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-council, and the Ladies of her Majeſty's bed-chamber being preſent.

This great and important news was immediately made known to the town, by the firing of the Tower-guns; and the Privy council being aſſembled as ſoon as poſſible thereupon, it was ordered, that a form of thankſgiving for the Queen's ſafe delivery of a Prince, ſhould be prepared by his Grace the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, to be uſed within the bills of mortality on Sunday next, and throughout the King's dominions the Sunday after the reſpective miniſters ſhall receive the ſame.

Her Majeſty is, (God be praiſed), as well as poſſible in her preſent condition; and the young Prince is in perfect health. *Lond. Gaz, Ext*

DEATHS.

June. At Martinico, the Hon. Hugh Morgan, Colonel of a new raiſed regiment of light-infantry.

In France, Chriſtopher de Beaud Trance, confeſſor to Q. Mary, Dowager of James VII. aged 97. He was the laſt ſurvivor of one branch of a Tontine, and enjoyed 10,400 livres *per annum*.

22 At Breſlau, the Margrave Charles of Brandenburg, General of infantry in the Pruſſian ſervice, and Grand maſter of the order of St. John of Jeruſalem.

23 At his ſeat of Frederickſwiche in Gottorp, Frederic Erneſt, Margrave of Brandenburg Culmbach, uncle to the K. of Denmark, and governor of Sleſwick and Holſtein.

July 1. At London, Lieut. Col. Otway of the foot-guards.

11. At Belford, on his return from Bath, Mr Ronald Crawford clerk to the ſignet.

12 At Oxford the Rev. Dr. James Bradley F.R.S. Savilian profeſſor of aſtronomy in that univerſity, and profeſſor of aſtronomy to the King.

15 At Hawthornden, Mrs Iſabel Milne, daughter of the late Sir Robert Milne of Barnton, Bart.

20 At Glaſgow, George Buchanan of Mountvernon, Eſq; merchant in Glaſgow.

22 At Edinburgh, in an advanced age, the hon. Mr. John Gordon, grand-uncle to the preſent Earl of Aboyne.

At—— ——Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, bart. an infant of ſeven months old. He is ſucceeded by his uncle, now Sir James Pollock.

25 At Græmeſhall in Orkney, Mungo Græme, Eſq; of Græmeſhall.

28 At London, the Rt. hon. George Doddington, Baron of Melcombe regis, clerk to the pells in Ireland, and a privy counſelior. The title is extinct. By his death a conſiderable eſtate deſcends to Earl Temple, and a patent place of 2000 l. *per annum*, to the ſons of the Rt. hon. Henry Fox.

At Hunſlow, in his way to Bath, William Murray, Eſq; formerly a captain in the Dutch ſervice, and a relation to the Earl of Dunmore, aged 78.

CIVIL PROMOTIONS.

The King was pleaſed,

July, 10. to grant unto Edward Baynton Rolt, Spye Park, Wilts, and his heirs-male, the dignity of a Baronet of Great Britain.

—to appoint Jonas Hanway, one of the Commiſſioners for victualling the Navy.

14 The Earl of Litchfield, Sir John Cuſt, bart. Speaker, and Gilbert Elliot, Eſq; treaſurer of the houſhold, were ſworn of the Privy Council.

—to appoint the Earl of Buckinghamſhire, Ambaſſador Extraordinary to the Emperor, of Ruſſia, (ſince deceaſed). And

—George Hobart, Eſq; Secretary to ſaid Embaſſy.

—To grant to Lord Berkeley of Stratton, the office of Conſtable of the Tower of London, in room of the Earl of Cornwallis, deceaſed.

—to appoint the Earl of Litchfield, Colonel of the band of Gentlemen Penſioners, and Deputy Ranger of Hampton park.

—Robert Trevor, Eſq; Receiver-General of the revenues of the General Poſt-office.

—The Earl of Pomfret, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber.

—The Earl of Shelburne, Lord Chamberlain to her Majeſty, in room of the D. of Mancheſter, deceaſed.

The Edinburgh bill of Mortality for July 1762.

Within the city	Males 23	40	63. Dec. 39.	
	Fem. 17			
In the Weſt-kirk yard	Males 14	23		
	Fem. 9			

AGE.			No	DISEASES,	No.
Under		2	8	Aged ——	16
Between 2	&	5	5	Aſthma —	1
5	&	10	0	Conſumption —	12
10	&	20	2	Childbed ——	1
20	&	30	2	Chincough —	1
30	&	40	2	Dropſy ——	1
40	&	50	5	Fever ——	8
50	&	60	15	Meaſles ——	10
60	&	70	14	Stillborn ——	4
70	&	80	10	Teething —	8
80	&	90	5	Water in the head	1